

# Shadow

## COMICS

VOL. 7 NO. 9

DECEMBER 1947

10¢

PICTURE  
MYSTERIES  
that  
CHILL!  
THRILL!!  
and DECEIVE!!  
and prove that  
CRIME  
DOES NOT PAY

KILROY  
WAS HERE  
but  
THE SHADOW  
FOUND THE MAN  
WHO WASN'T THERE





# TOP SECRETS

BASED UPON THE EXPLOITS



of the **FBI.**

•  
OF THE MEN  
WHO GUARD  
THE U. S. MAIL..

•  
OF FAMOUS  
NEWSPAPER  
REPORTERS

NOVEMBER 1947

**FACT PICTURE STORIES**  
SHOWING "INSIDE" OPERATIONS...

# AT LAST!

NOW YOU CAN ENJOY  
THIS THRILLING BOOK ON  
THE **F.B.I.** AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

# THE SHADOW

## "KILROY WAS HERE"



Powell

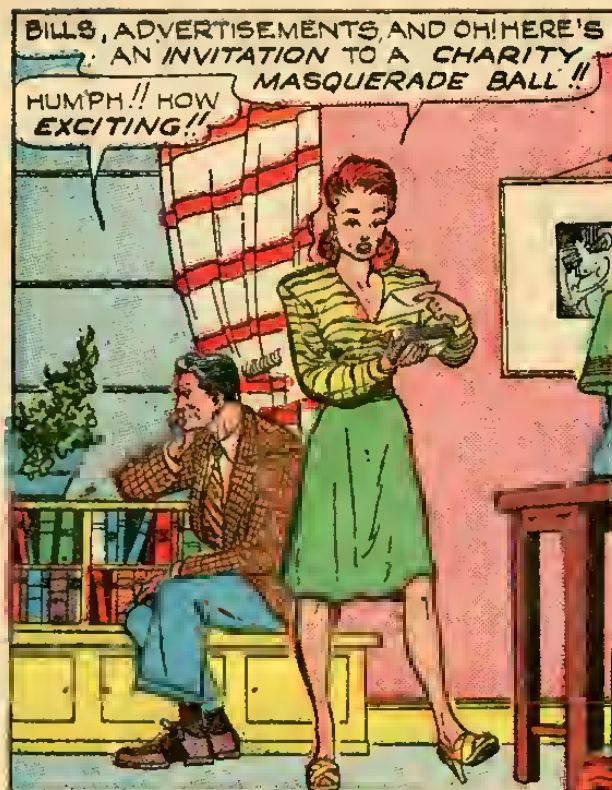
It was too ridiculous for a dying man to say with his last breath that, 'Kilroy was here'... What kind of a message was

that? Only The Shadow knew, and knowing, ruined the plans of a ruthless money killer.....

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BILLS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND OH! HERE'S  
AN INVITATION TO A CHARITY  
MASQUERADE BALL!!  
HUMPH!! HOW  
EXCITING!!



OH, LAMONT, DON'T BE LIKE THAT!  
IT'S A "COME AS THE PERSON YOU  
WOULD MOST LIKE  
TO BE" BALL!  
OH FINE!  
DRESS UP AS  
MARC ANTONY OR  
SOME SUCH SILLINESS!



ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! IF YOU  
THINK IT'LL BE FUN,  
WE'LL GO!!



THAT NIGHT I'M ALL SET. ARE YOU  
READY?.... LAMONT! WHAT  
IN....??..?!

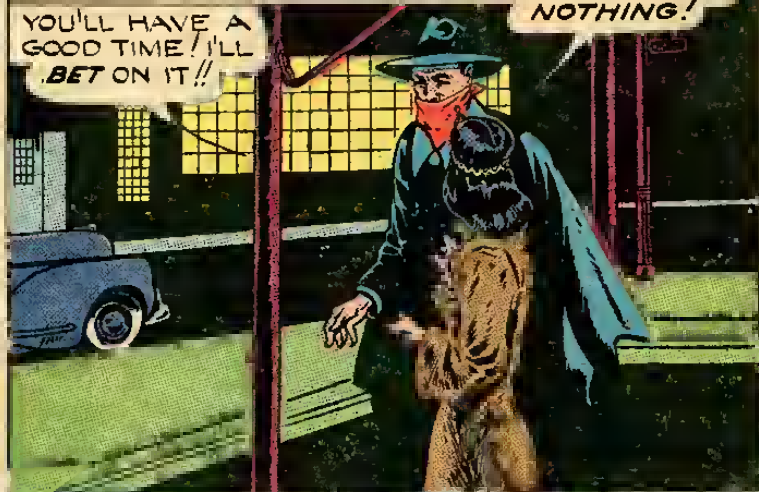


IS SOMETHING WRONG?! WHY'RE YOU  
DRESSED AS THE SHADOW MY  
AND WHY AREN'T YOU COSTUME WOULD  
INVISIBLE? NOT BE VERY EFFEC-  
TIVE INVISIBLE, WOULD IT?  
THIS IS MY MASQUERADE COSTUME,  
YOU SAID TO GO AS THE PERSON  
I WOULD MOST LIKE TO  
BE AND I AM!.... LET'S  
GO!!



AS LITTLE AS I ENJOY THESE BRAWLS, IT'LL AT LEAST BE A BIT LESS BORING THAN DOING NOTHING!

YOU'LL HAVE A GOOD TIME! I'LL BET ON IT!!



I WISH YOU HADN'T WORN YOUR SHADOW OUTFIT! EVERY TIME YOU DO SOMETHING DRASTIC HAPPENS!

ALMOST WISH SOMETHING WOULD! I'VE BEEN SO BORED LATELY!



THE MASQUERADE BALL... A MASQUE FOR MURDER...

I DON'T KNOW HOW...OOOWW **WOW!!** WHAT AN OUTFIT!!...HMMM!! MAY I HAVE THE FIRST DANCE, CLEOPATRA??!

BUT OF COURSE, SHADOW!!



HMMM...EVEN KILROY IS HERE!

OH, LET'S SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING

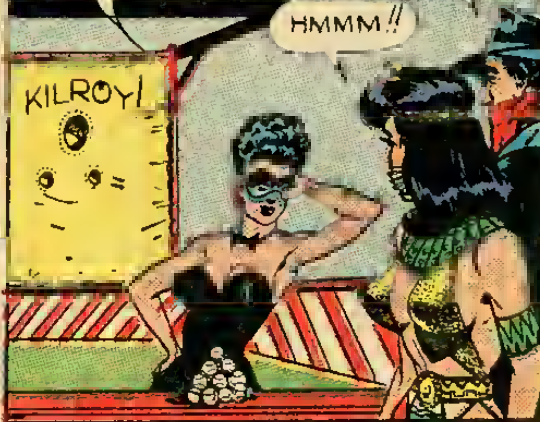


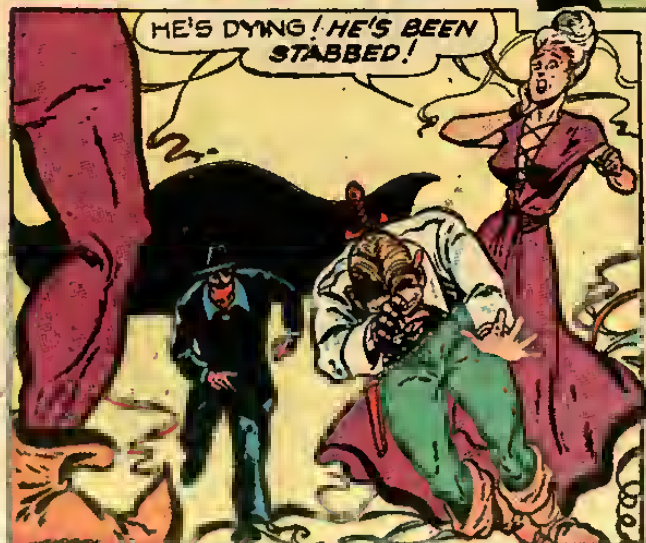
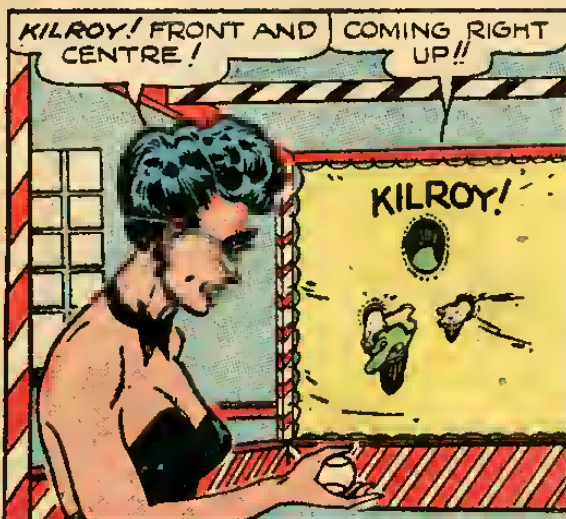
**HIT KILROY AND WIN A KISS!**

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO TRY, SIR?

SURE! WHERE'S KILROY?

HMMM!!









K...KIL...ROY...WAS...  
UGHMMMMMM...

HE'S DEAD!...AND LOOK AT THE  
NUMBER OF KILROY'S!...  
THIS IS GOING TO BE  
NASTY!!

HIT  
WIN A

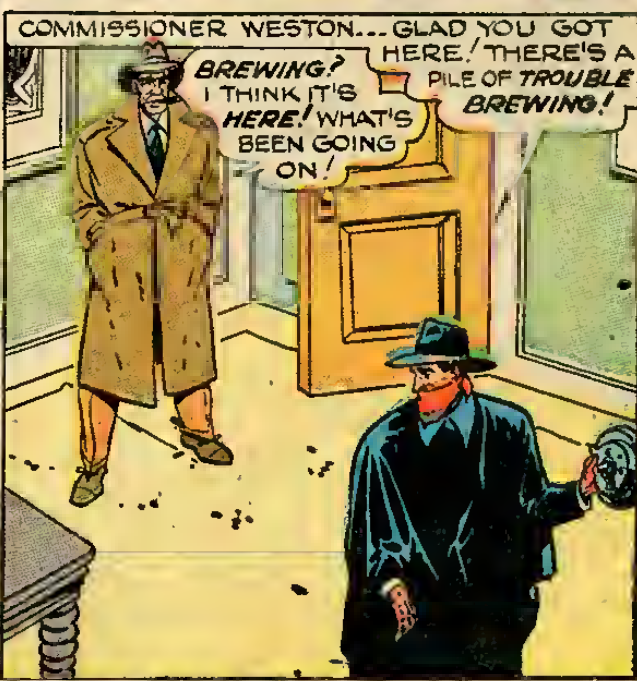


WHAT HAPPENED WHILE  
I WAS BUSY DODGING?  
OUR HOST  
WAS **MUR-  
DERED!** GET  
THE POLICE, MARGO! I DON'T  
KNOW **HOW** WE'RE GOING TO  
**WEED** THROUGH ALL THE  
PEOPLE HERE BUT IT HAS  
TO BE DONE...I'LL SEE YOU  
LATER!!

KILROY!



I WONDER WHAT'S IN THIS  
ROOM?...I...WELL!...A  
WALL SAFE!



COMMISSIONER WESTON...GLAD YOU GOT  
HERE! THERE'S A  
PILE OF TROUBLE  
BREWING!  
I THINK IT'S  
HERE! WHAT'S  
BEEN GOING  
ON!



WHEW!...SO THAT'S THE WAY THE  
WIND BLOWS....CLEANED OUT!  
BUT WHO IS KILROY?!

I SEE, THEN **ALL YOU KNOW** IS THAT HE WAS STABBED BY SOME **UNKNOWN PERSON** WHOM HE CALLED **KILROY**!! 'N'...WHAT D'YOU WANT **YOUNG LA...** OH **MISS LANE**! I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU IN THAT **BLACK WIG!**

HELLO, COMMISSIONER, DID YOU **SOLVE THE CASE YET?** YAK! YAK! **VERY FUNNY...** AH.. WILL YOU EXCUSE US, **WESTON?**! WANT TO TELL **MARGO** SOMETHING...C'NERE MY PET!

I'VE GOT A **HUNCH** I'VE SEEN THAT **MAN** THAT I WAS **TOSSING THE BALLS** AT, BEFORE!

SEEM'S TO ME IT WOULD HELP IF **THE SHADOW** WERE HERE!

YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH! SEE YOU LATER!

AND I'M GOING TO GET RID OF THIS **WIG**... IT'S... HA! HA! GETTING IN MY HAIR!



THAT BOSS FOURS IS A REAL **HOT ROCK!**

WHO SAID THAT??

I DUNNO..COULD IT BE... **THE SHADOW??!!**

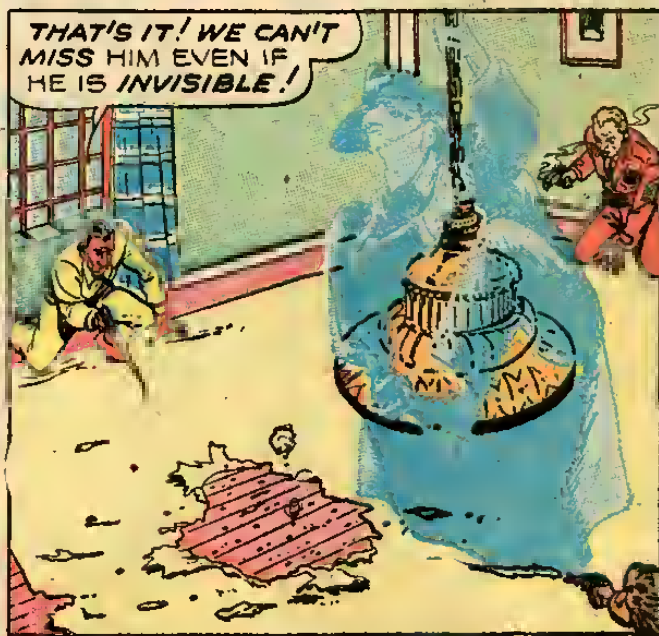
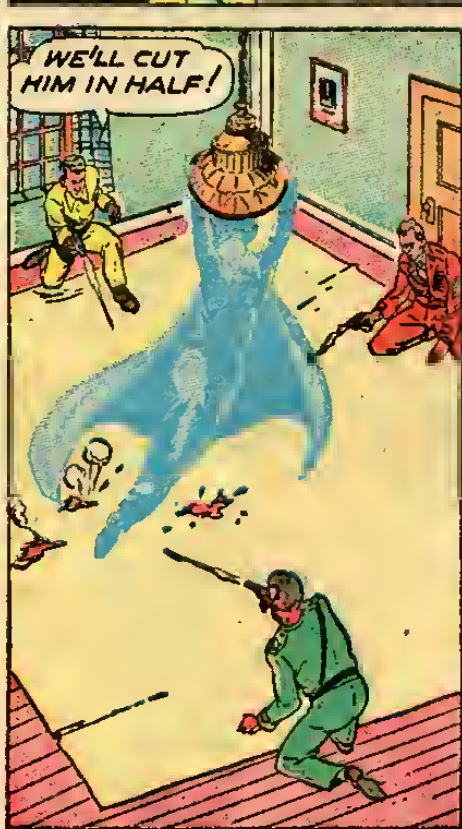
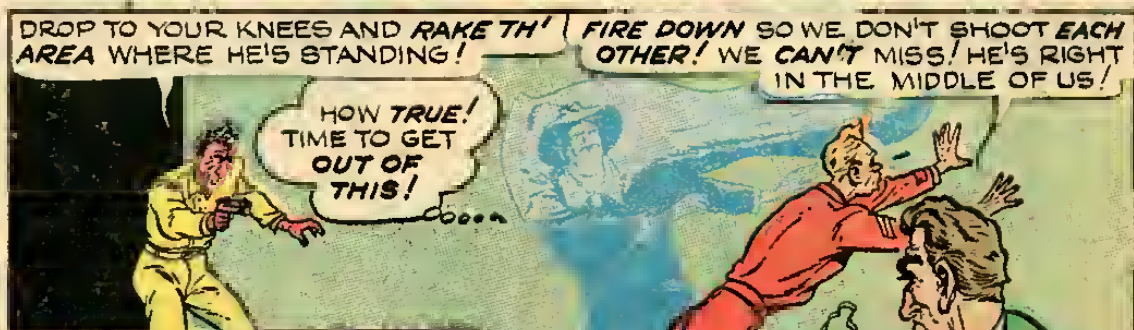
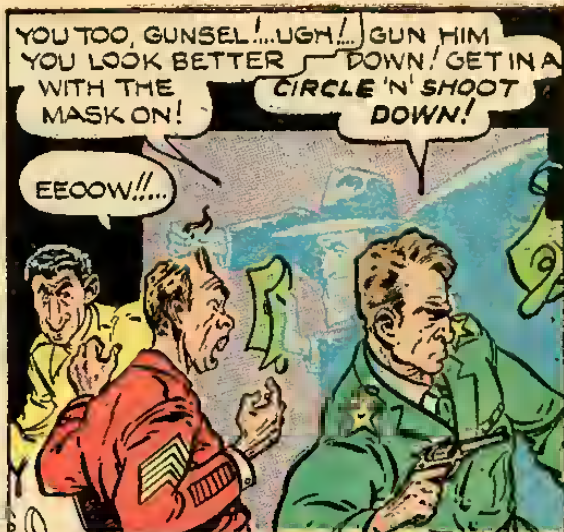
IT IS **LAMONT CRANSTON** WHO GOES INTO THE **ANTE-ROOM....** BUT THAT **MYSTERIOUS FIGURE OF MIDNIGHT, THE SHADOW** WHO COMES BACK..... **INVISIBLE...**

HE FIGGERED THIS LIKE A **DREAM!**

A **DREAM? A NIGHTMARE!**













GOOD!...**MADE IT**...WESTON WILL TAKE CARE OF **THOSE HOODS**... I WANT ANOTHER LOOK AT THIS **SAFE**....

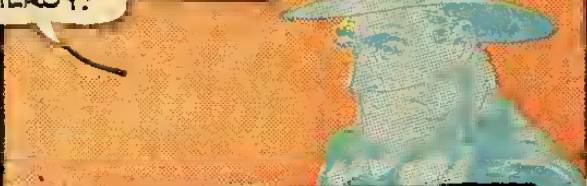


IF THEY SUCCESSFULLY BURGLED THE SAFE WHY DID THEY HAVE TO **KILL THE HOST, MR. BENDER?** I DON'T QUITE SEE, UNLESS.....



OOOH! YOU STARTLED ME! I WISH THERE WAS **SOME WAY** I COULD KNOW WHEN YOU'RE AROUND! WHAT'S GOT YOU STUCK?

I DON'T SEE WHY THEY KILLED BENDER AND MORE THAN THAT, **HOW** ARE WE GOING TO PROVE WHICH **KILROY** WAS THE KILLER WHEN THERE ARE **TEN MEN** MADE UP AS KILROY!



I KEEP WONDERING IF THAT WAS WHAT BENDER WAS TRYING TO TELL US! BUT HE SAID, '**KILROY WAS HERE**'.... OR DIDN'T HE?

THAT'S WHAT IT **SOUNDED** LIKE...BUT...**OH! OH!** HELLO, CUTIE! WHATCHA DOING IN HERE **ALL ALONE?**!

**ANOTHER KILROY!** THIS IS **TOO MUCH!** ISN'T IT **SHADOW?**





SO THAT'S WHAT KNOCKED THE BOYS  
FOR A LOOP! THE SHADOW  
HAS HIS LONG NOSE  
IN THIS!

MARGO!  
DROP FLAT  
ON THE  
FLOOR!



NO YA DON'T! I NEED A  
SHIELD



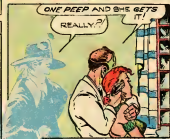
ONE SOUND, ONE STEP AND I PUT  
DON'T BE TOO  
SURE!!

THE BLAST ON  
THE CHICK!



ONE PEEP AND SHE GETS  
IT!

REALLY?!

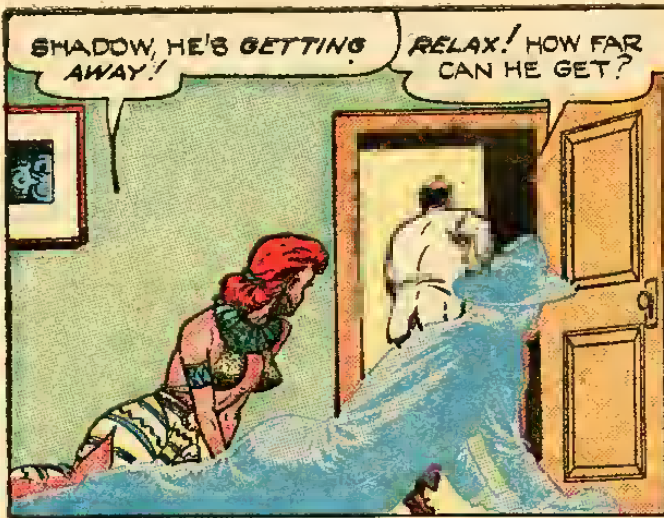


DROP THAT GUN!!

OOOF!!







SHADOW, HE'S GETTING AWAY!

RELAX! HOW FAR CAN HE GET?



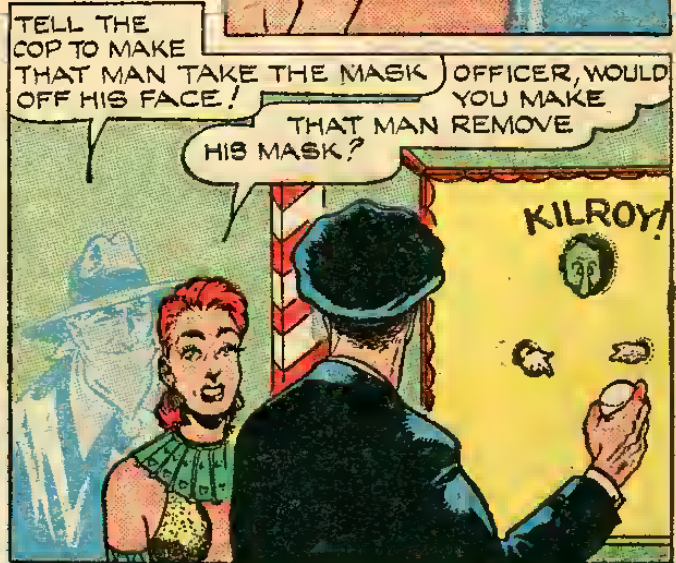
HE'S GONE! VANISHED!

HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR! COME ON!



WHEW! THOSE KILROY MASKS HID A MULTITUDE OF SINS! UMM...THEY'RE REALLY BAD BOYS!

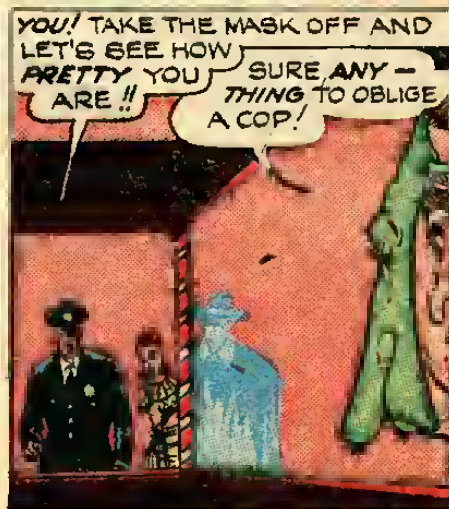
EVERY ONE OF THEM HAS DONE TIME!



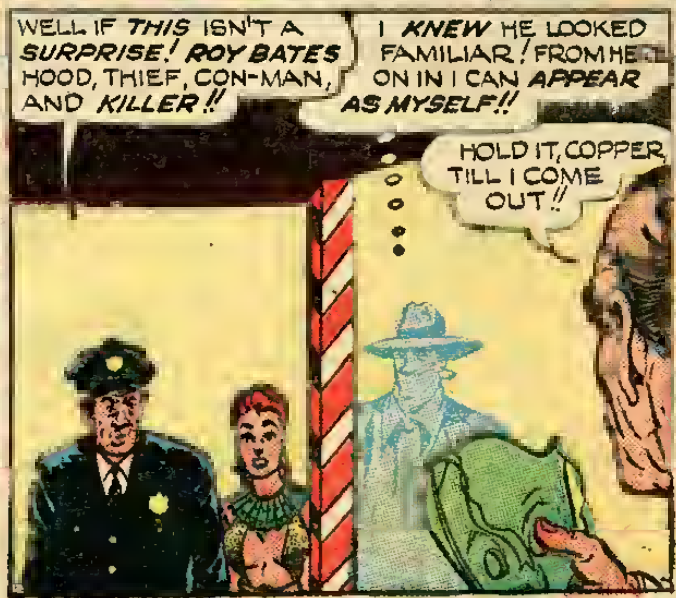
TELL THE COP TO MAKE THAT MAN TAKE THE MASK OFF HIS FACE!

OFFICER, WOULD YOU MAKE

THAT MAN REMOVE HIS MASK?



YOU! TAKE THE MASK OFF AND LET'S SEE HOW PRETTY YOU ARE !! SURE ANY - THING TO OBLIGE A COP!



WELL IF THIS ISN'T A SURPRISE! ROY BATES HOOD, THIEF, CON-MAN, AND KILLER !!

I KNEW HE LOOKED FAMILIAR! FROM HERE ON IN I CAN APPEAR AS MYSELF!!

HOLD IT, COPPER, TILL I COME OUT !!



WHEN'D YOU GET OUT OF  
THE COOP?

TEN DAYS AGO! AND I'M  
ON THE LEVEL NOW! NO  
MORE HOLD UPS!



SO YOU'RE THE KILLER!

WHAT YOU TALKIN'  
ABOUT? YOU'RE MY  
ALIBI! I WAS HERE  
WHILE YOU WAS  
THROWING BASEBALLS  
AT MY HEAD,  
CRANSTON!



THAT'S RIGHT, LAMONT!  
HE WAS HERE!

JUST A  
SECOND, MARGO....  
OFFICER, IN THAT  
LAST HEIST BATES  
PULLED BEFORE HE  
WAS JAILED, THE  
LOOT WAS NEVER  
RECOVERED, WAS IT?



THAT'S RIGHT, I ALMOST FOR-  
GOT THAT! I  
WONDER...??...

DON'T WONDER.  
I'LL BET THAT  
THIS KILLING WAS  
THE RESULT OF THAT  
LOOT! YOU LEFT IT HERE  
FOR SAFEKEEPING DIDN'T  
YOU BATES? WHAT'S THE MATTER, DID  
BENSON TRY TO DOUBLE-CROSS  
YOU AND HOLD ON  
TO IT?



DON'CHA WISH YOU KNEW?/  
ME, I'M CLEAN, I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN'  
ABOUT....

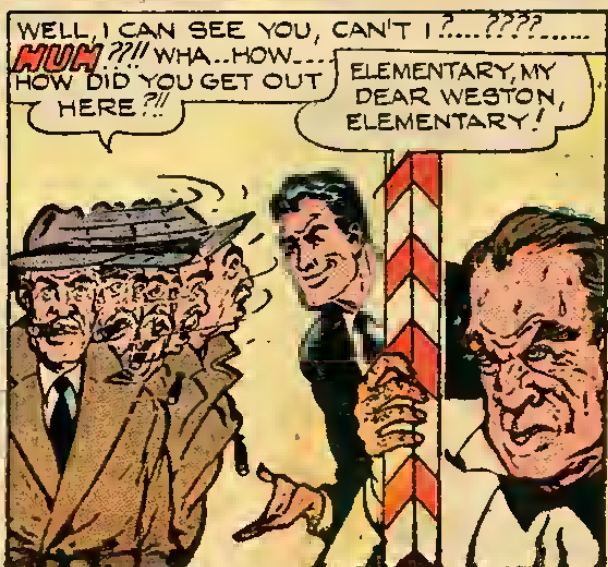
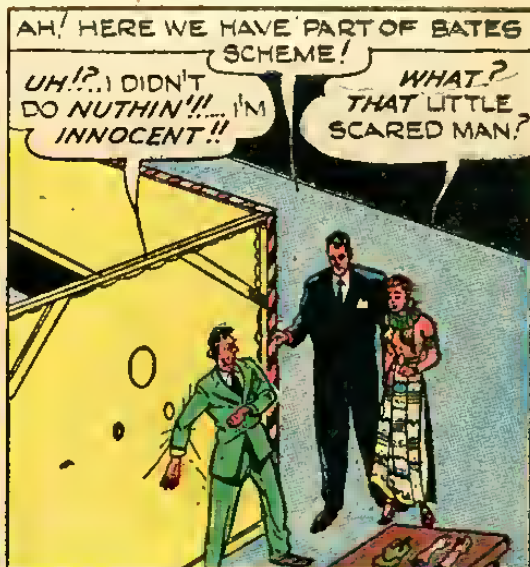
THIS CAN'T BE THE  
MAN! HE COULDN'T  
BE HERE AND BE  
IN THE OTHER ROOM  
AT THE SAME TIME!



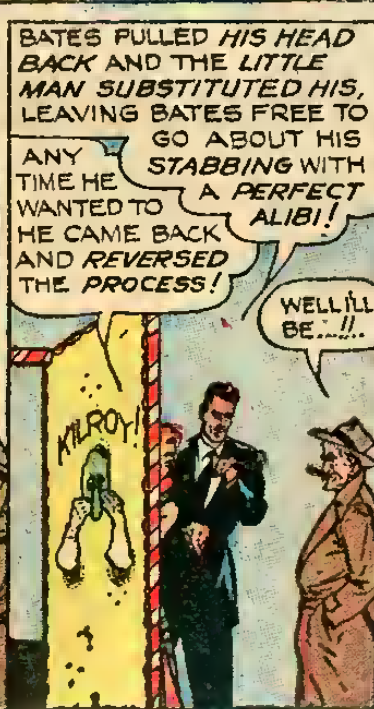
DOES SOUND IMPOSSIBLE TO  
BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE.  
DOESN'T IT? BUT I THINK I  
KNOW HOW HE DID IT! CALL  
WESTON AND I'LL  
DEMONSTRATE!







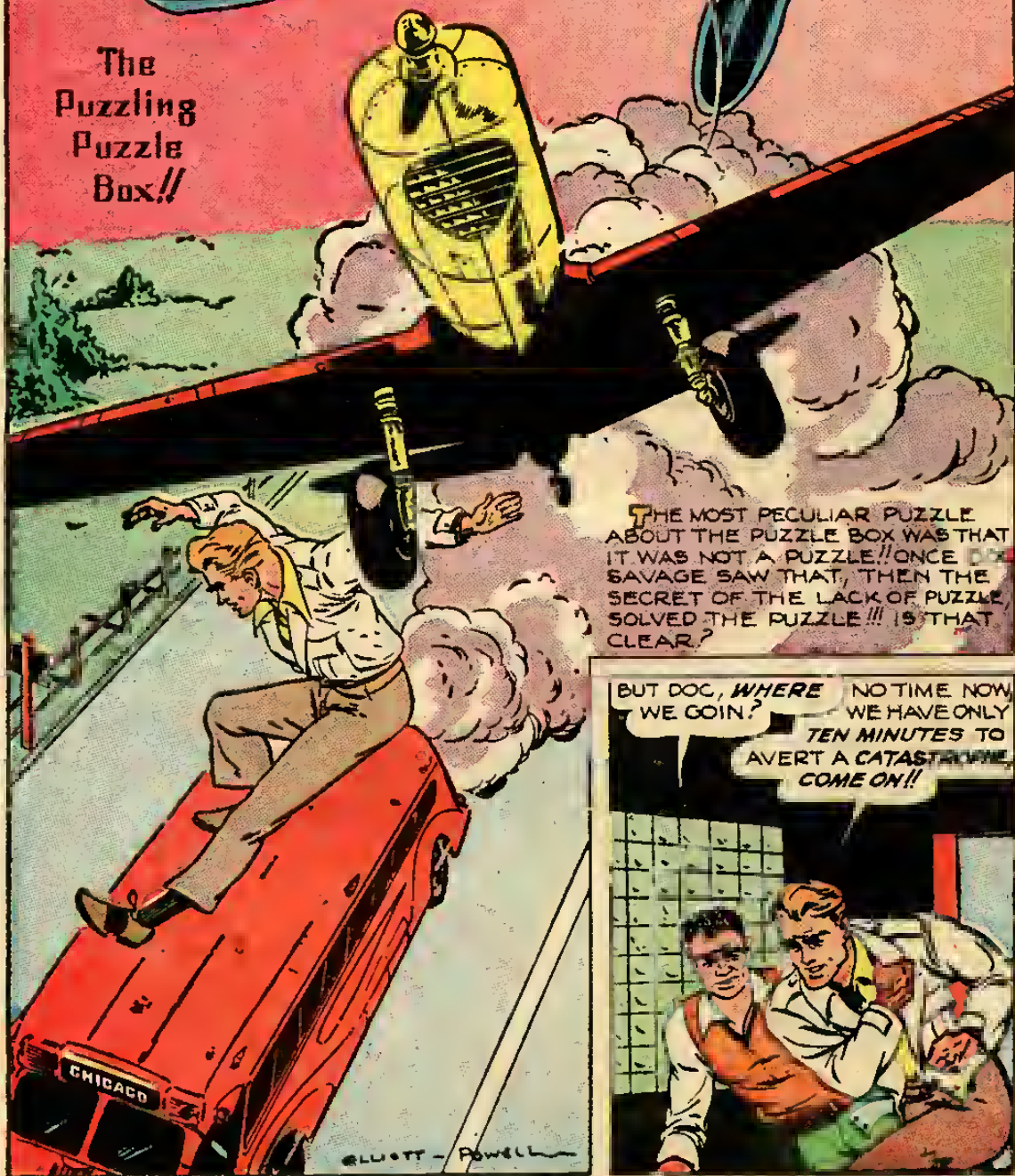






# Doc Savage

The  
Puzzling  
Puzzle  
Box!!



THE MOST PECULIAR PUZZLE ABOUT THE PUZZLE BOX WAS THAT IT WAS NOT A PUZZLE!! ONCE DOC SAVAGE SAW THAT, THEN THE SECRET OF THE LACK OF PUZZLE, SOLVED THE PUZZLE!!! IS THAT CLEAR?

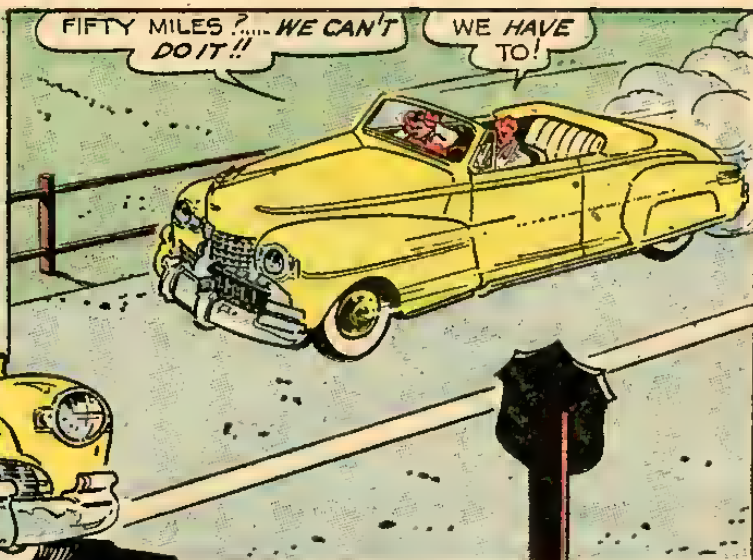
BUT DOC, WHERE WE GOIN'?

NO TIME NOW WE HAVE ONLY TEN MINUTES TO AVERT A CATASTROPHE, COME ON!!





TEN MINUTES?...AND WE HAVE TO GET WHERE? HOLD TIGHT! FIFTY MILES FROM HERE!



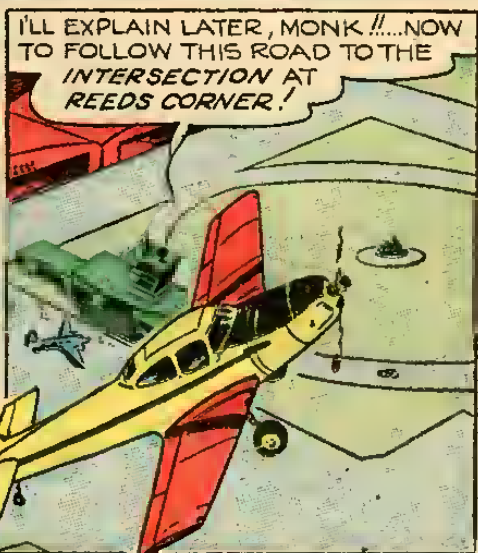
FIFTY MILES?...WE CAN'T DO IT!!

WE HAVE TO!

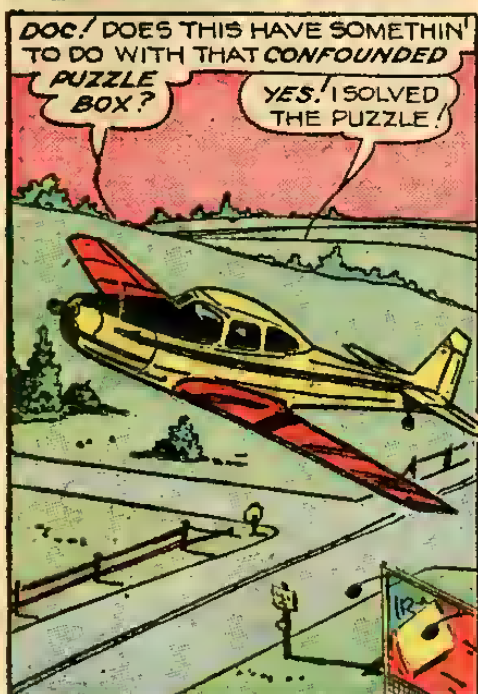


THE IMPOSSIBLE TAKES A LITTLE MORE TROUBLE, THAT'S ALL!!

BUT WHY, DOC, WHY!?

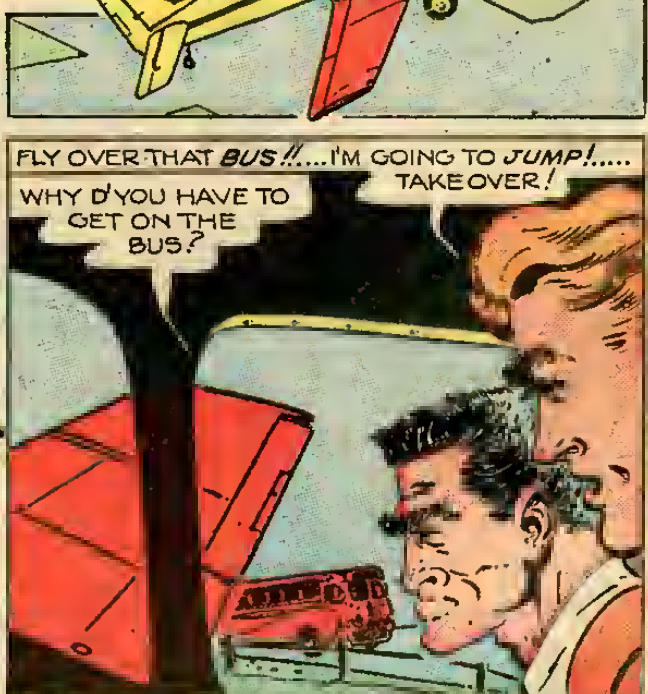


I'LL EXPLAIN LATER, MONK!!...NOW TO FOLLOW THIS ROAD TO THE INTERSECTION AT REEDS CORNER!



DOC! DOES THIS HAVE SOMETHIN' TO DO WITH THAT CONFOUNDED PUZZLE BOX?

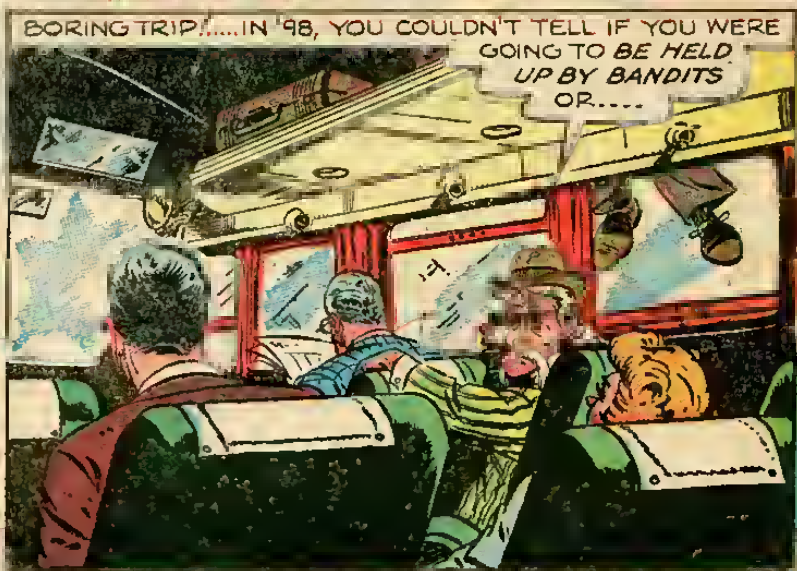
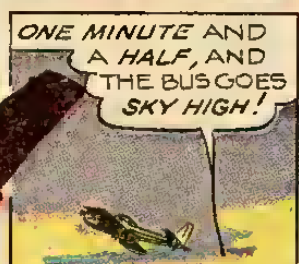
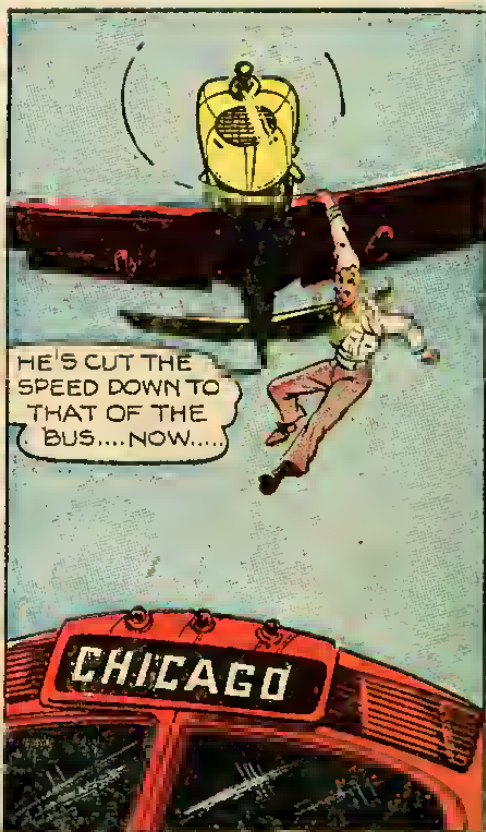
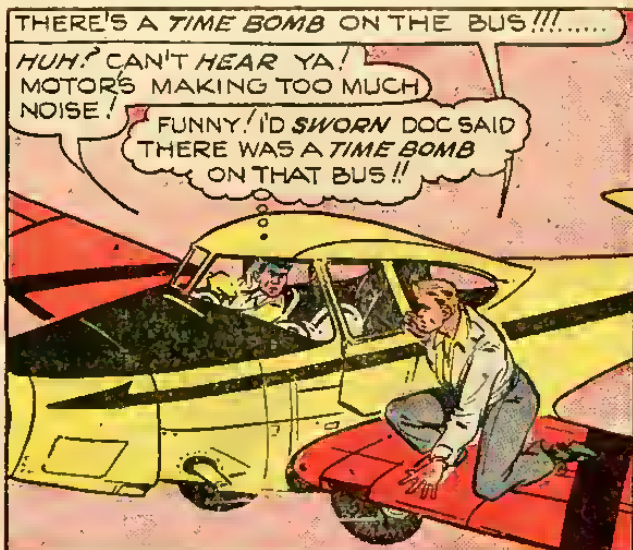
YES! I SOLVED THE PUZZLE!



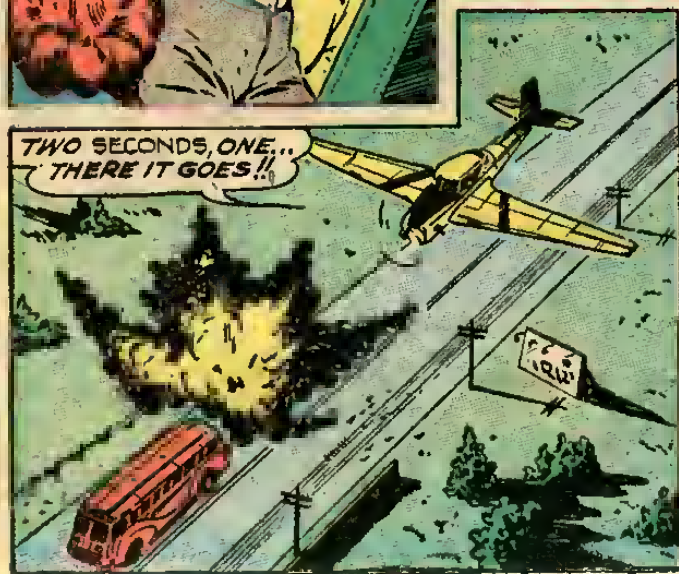
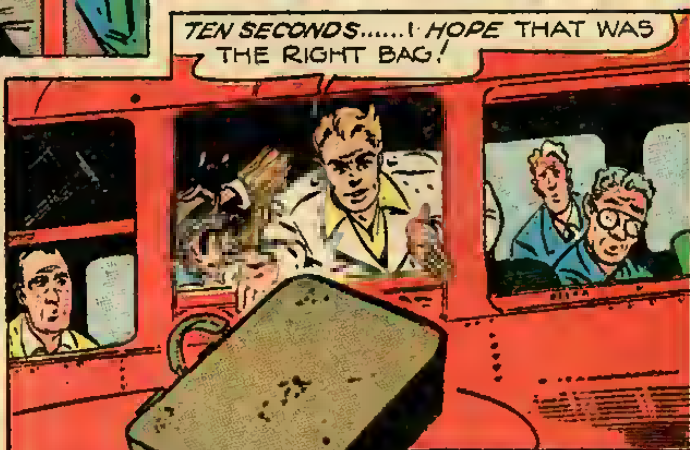
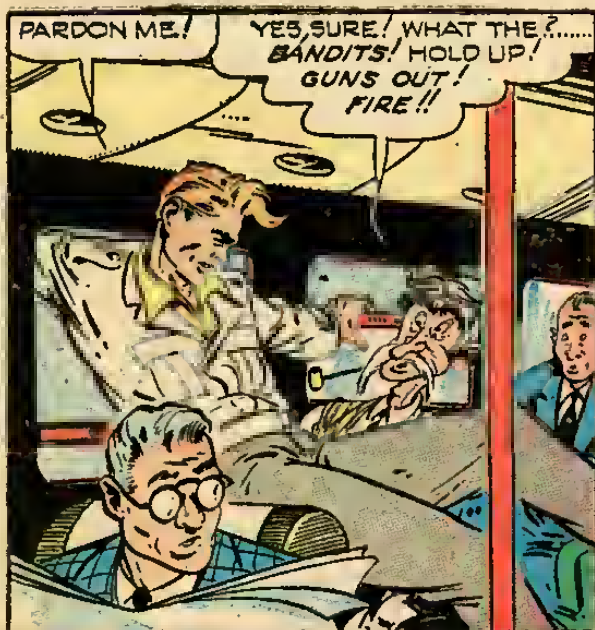
FLY OVER THAT BUS!!...I'M GOING TO JUMP!... TAKEOVER!

WHY D'YOU HAVE TO GET ON THE BUS?











THERE'S A JEWEL SHIPMENT ON BOARD SO YOU'D BETTER BEAT IT! THE CROOKS WILL BE ALONG ANY MINUTE AND THEY THINK THE BUS HAS BEEN BLOWN UP!

RIGHT/CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, DOC S'LONG!



DOC! WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR THE CROOKS TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! HOW'D YOU FIGURE OUT THE PUZZLE BOXES?....

IT WAS SIMPLE ONCE I SAW THAT THERE WAS NO PUZZLE!



REMEMBER WHEN WE FOUND THE BOXES.....

WE GOT THE BRAINS OF THE GANG, THE PAWNBROKER BUT HOW DO WE GET THE REST?

WHEN HE THOUGHT WE WERE CROOKS, HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT THE BOX.....

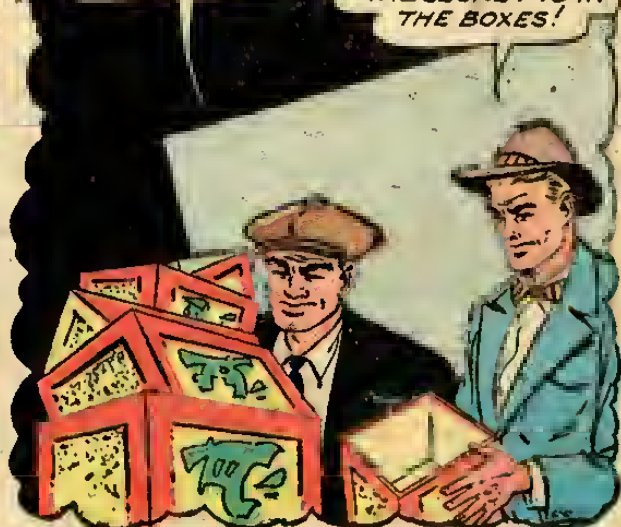


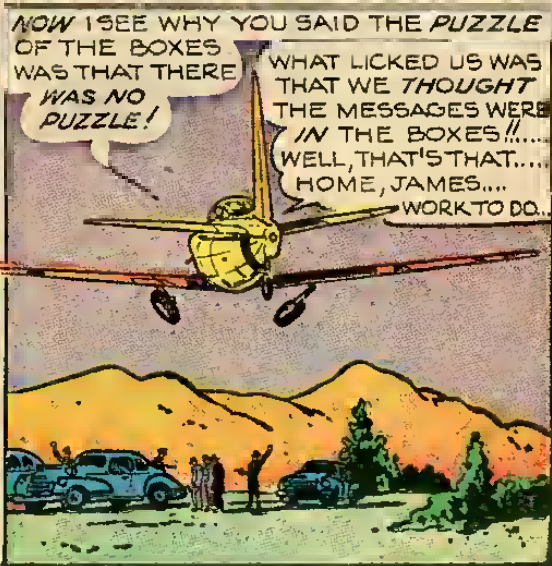
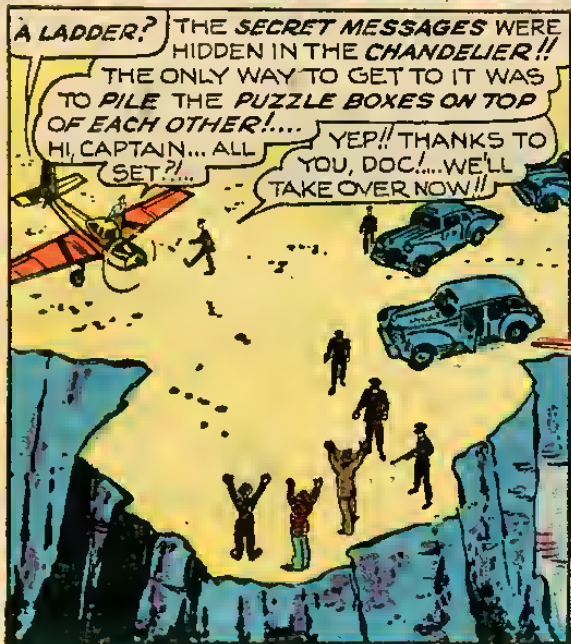
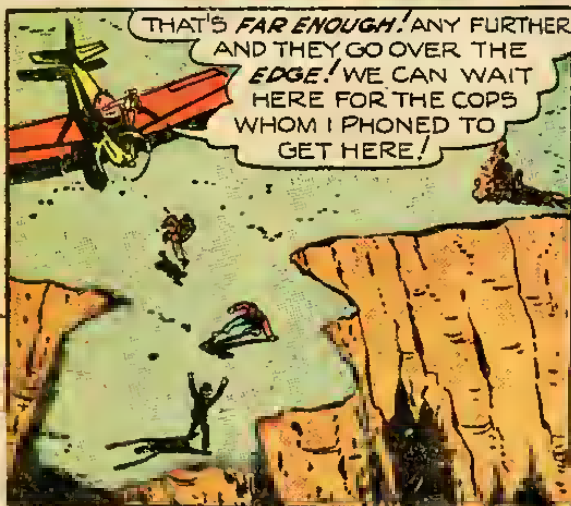
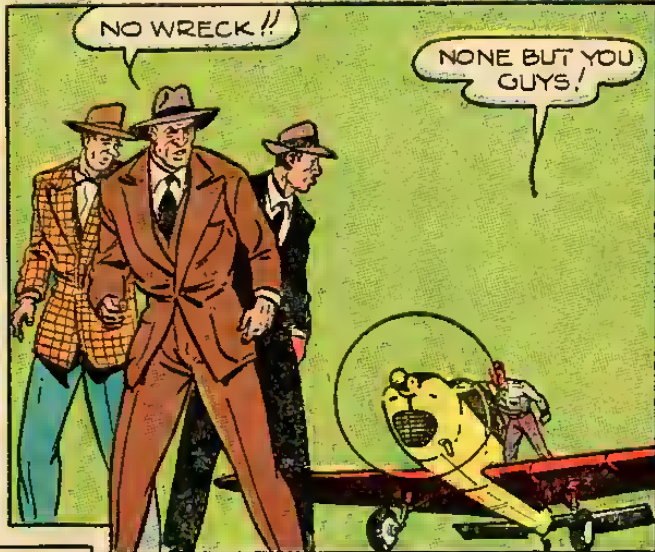
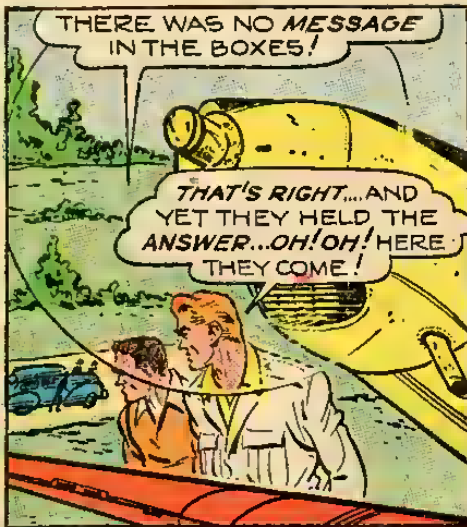
PERHAPS THE SECRET IS IN HERE!

NAH, THERE'S NOTHIN IN THERE BUT ANOTHER BOX!

A LOT OF HELP THAT WAS.....JUST ONE BOX INSIDE ANOTHER! NO SECRET PANELS OR ANYTHING!

AND YET I HAVE A FEELING THAT THE SECRET IS IN THE BOXES!







# Nick Carter

## Alias Santa Claus

MR. STIFFANY'S CUSTOMERS ALMOST HAD AN UN-MERRY CHRISTMAS WHEN HE FORGOT THE COMBINATION OF THE VAULT WHERE HE STORED THEIR PRESENTS... IT WAS A GOOD THING NICK CARTER HADN'T DONE HIS CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY... READ ON AND FIND OUT WHY...

*Powell*

I HOPE YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING!

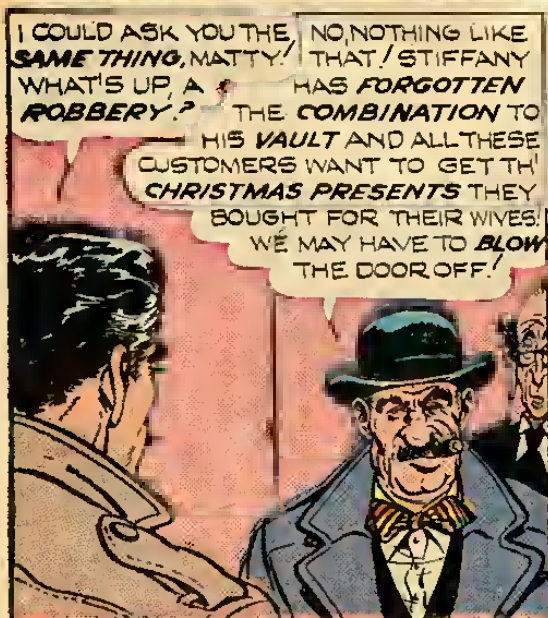
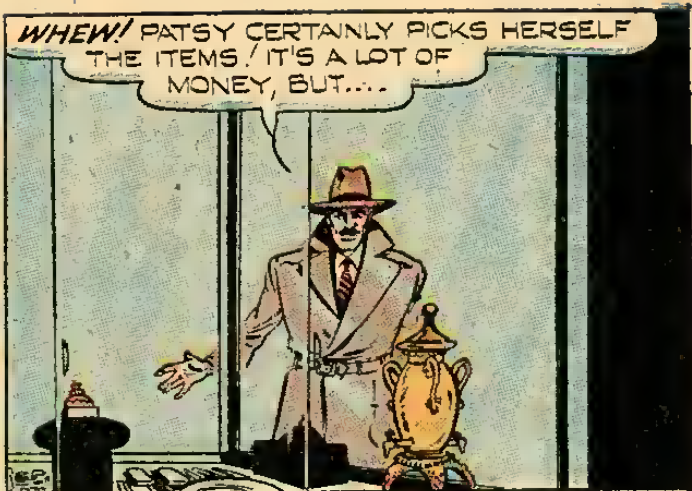
YIPE! I HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED! I'D BETTER GET GOING!



OH NICKY.... IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS, IT'S THAT **STAR SAPPHIRE RING** IN STIFFANY'S SHOW WINDOW!

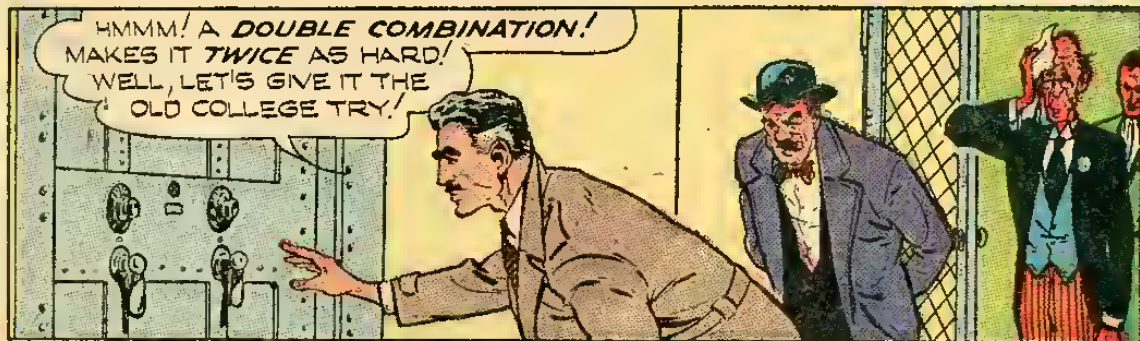
WOULD YOU SETTLE FOR A PAIR A NYLONS?





TUNE IN  
EACH WEEK TO **NICK CARTER**  
OVER MUTUAL NETWORK

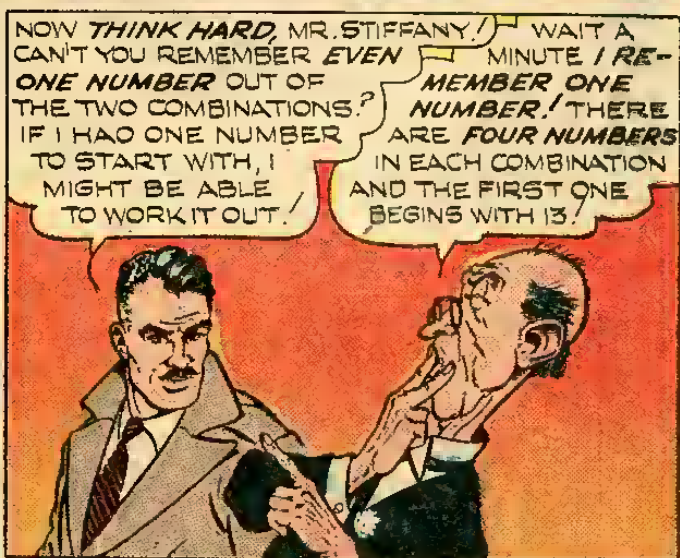




HMMM! A **DOUBLE COMBINATION!**  
MAKES IT **TWICE AS HARD!**  
WELL, LET'S GIVE IT THE  
**OLD COLLEGE TRY!**



NOPE, **NO LUCK!** THIS  
IS **REALLY A TOUGH**  
**ONE!**



NOW **THINK HARD, MR. STIFFANY!** WAIT A  
CAN'T YOU REMEMBER **EVEN** MINUTE I **RE-**  
**ONE NUMBER OUT OF** **MEMBER ONE**  
THE TWO COMBINATIONS? **NUMBER!** THERE  
IF I HAD ONE NUMBER ARE **FOUR NUMBERS**  
TO START WITH, I IN EACH COMBINATION  
MIGHT BE ABLE AND THE FIRST ONE  
TO WORK IT OUT! BEGINS WITH 13!



THE **SECOND NUMBER** IS 24,  
BUT I **CAN'T REMEMBER ANY**  
MORE ABOUT IT!



WELL, NICK, CAN YOU  
OPEN IT NOW?

NOT YET, MATTY,  
BUT THOSE NUMBERS  
WILL HELP! GOT A PENCIL  
AND A PIECE OF PAPER?  
I WANT TO TRY A  
**LITTLE PSYCHOLOGY!**

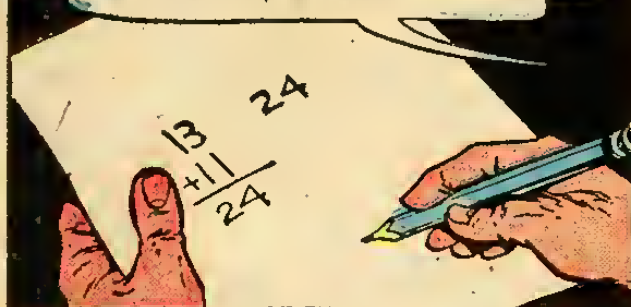
**SUNDAY EVENING**  
6:30 P.M. EST.

sponsored by

**OLD DUTCH  
CLEANSER**



THE FIRST THING TO LOOK FOR IS A **RELATIONSHIP** BETWEEN THESE TWO NUMBERS. YOU CAN'T **DIVIDE** 13 INTO 24, SO THAT'S OUT, AND YOU CAN'T **DIVIDE ANYTHING** INTO 13, SO WE **ELIMINATE THAT!** IF YOU **ADD ONE** TO EACH OF THE DIGITS OF THE NUMBER 13, YOU GET 24, LET'S TRY THAT!!



IF WE ADD **ELEVEN** TO 24 WE GET **35!** THAT MIGHT BE THE **THIRD NUMBER** IN THE COMBINATION, AND IF WE ADD 11 TO 35 WE GET 46!



**YES! THAT'S IT, MR. CARTER!** THAT'S THE COMBINATION OF THE **FIRST LOCK: 13...24...35...46!** MY GOODNESS, YOU'RE **WONDERFUL!**



WELL, THAT'S **ONE DOWN** AND ONE TO GO. DO YOU REMEMBER **ANYTHING** ABOUT THE SECOND COMBINATION, MR. STIFFANY?

NO, MR. CARTER, I **DON'T!** NOT A **SINGLE NUMBER!!**



WELL, LET'S START OVER. USUALLY THERE IS **SOME RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN COMBINATIONS** WHERE TWO ARE USED ON THE **SAME SAFE!** NOW WHAT IS THE **FIRST RELATIONSHIP** THAT SUGGESTS ITSELF TO YOU **MATTY?**





MAYBE IF YOU TURNED THE **FIRST COMBINATION** AROUND **AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION, MATTY! LET'S TRY IT!** **BACKWARDS....**



....AND WE GET 64...53...42...31 AS THE **POSSIBLE SECOND COMBINATION** NOW WE'LL TRY THE **SECOND COMBINATION!**



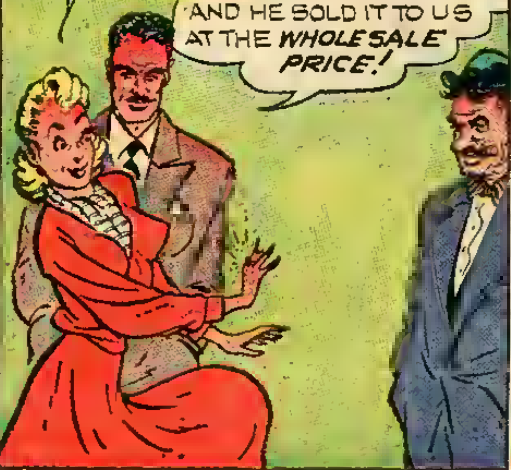
AND **THERE YOU ARE!!**

**JEEPERS!** IT'S ALMOST **UNCANNY** THE WAY I FIGURED IT OUT!

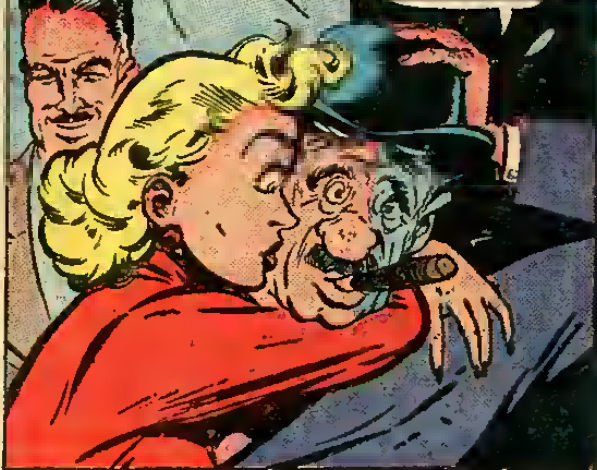
STIFFANY SHOULD SIGH WITH RELIEF... TO BLOW THAT DOOR OFF WOULD HAVE COST HIM **TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!!!**



**LATER** OH, NICK IT'S **GORGEOUS!** BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SPENT **ALL THAT MONEY** ON MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT  
IT'S ALL RIGHT, PATSY, MATTY AND I WERE ABLE TO BE OF A LITTLE **HELP** TO MR STIFFANY AND HE SOLD IT TO US AT THE **WHOLESALE PRICE!**



FOR THAT, MATTY YOU GET **GOSH, MISS A GREAT BIG KISS!** PATSY, I'LL GET MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM MY **OLD LADY** WHEN SHE FINDS **LIPSTICK** ON MY CHEEK!



# THE CASE OF THE MAD GANG KILLERS

STORY & PICTURES BY THORNTON FISHER

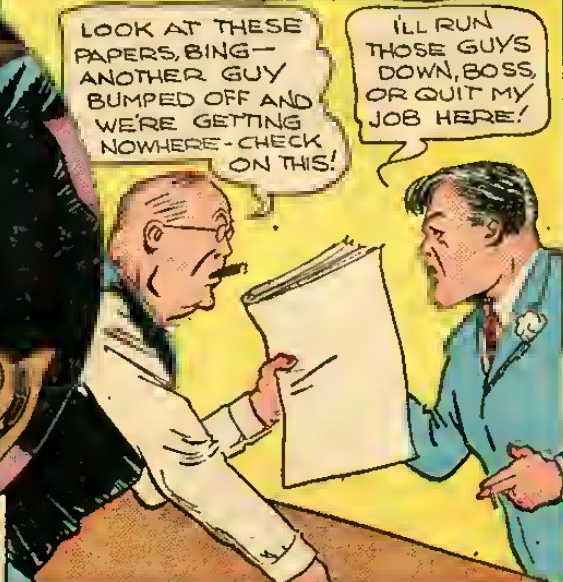
ANOTHER THRILLING  
NEWSPAPER ADVENTURE  
OF "BING" DALGREN,  
FAMOUS STAR REPORTER  
OF THE TIMES-NEWS-



AN EPIDEMIC OF GANG-KILLINGS WAS SWEEPING THE CITY—POLICE AND NEWS-PAPERS WERE BAFFLED—

LOOK AT THESE PAPERS, BING— ANOTHER GUY BUMPED OFF AND WE'RE GETTING NOWHERE—CHECK ON THIS!

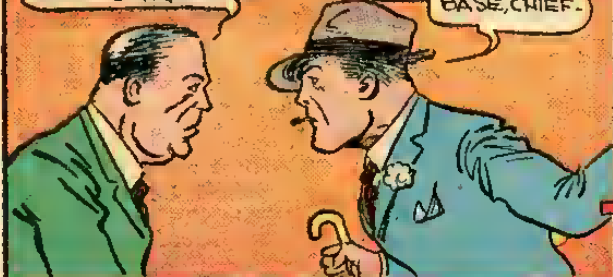
I'LL RUN THOSE GUYS DOWN, BOSS, OR QUIT MY JOB HERE!



MANAGING EDITOR, JOHN FEELEY CALLED IN HIS FAMOUS REPORTER, "BING" DALGREN—

BUT BING, THESE MURDERS ALL HAPPEN IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF TOWN—

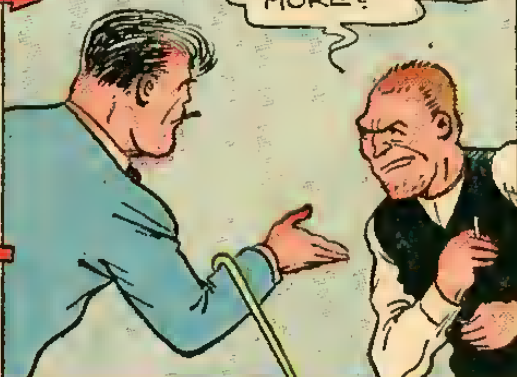
YES, BUT THEY'RE ALL OPERATED FROM A SINGLE BASE, CHIEF.



ANOTHER MURDER WAS COMMITTED THAT NIGHT AND BING TALKED WITH THE CHIEF OF DETECTIVES—

WHAT DO YOU THINK, EDDIE?

MR. DALGREN, WHEN GANG MEMBERS AIN'T ON TH' STREETS, WATCH OUT—"LOOIE, THE SCAR," TH' BIG GUY, AIN'T BEEN SEEN FOR WEEKS—DO I HAVE TO SAY MORE?



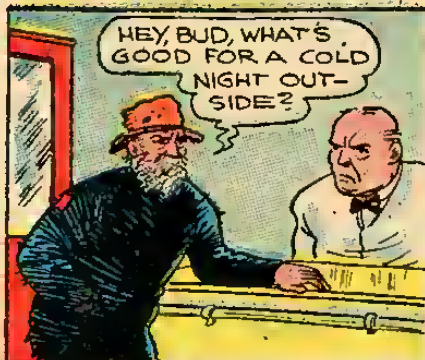
THEN DALGREN DROPPED IN ON HIS OLD FRIEND, HIS "STOOGIE" AND EX-CONVICT, "HARD EDDIE"—EDDIE USUALLY KNEW THE ANSWERS—

BOSS, I'M TAKING TWO WEEKS OFF—NEVER MIND—DON'T LOOK FOR ME—



FOLLOWING THIS, BING RETURNED TO HIS APARTMENT AND PHONED HIS BOSS, JOHN FEELEY—



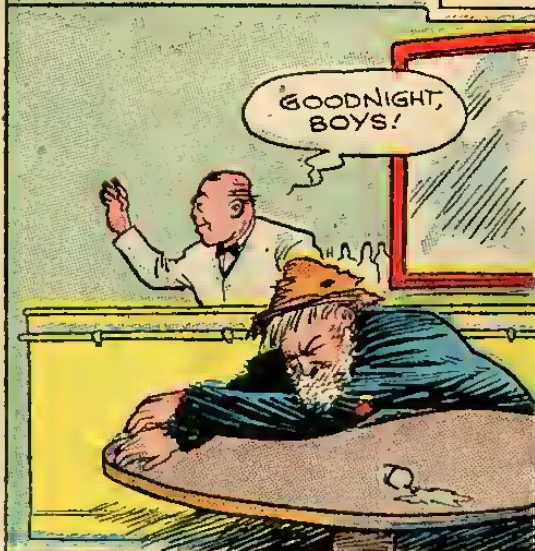


HEY, BUD, WHAT'S GOOD FOR A COLD NIGHT OUT-SIDE?

TWO WEEKS LATER A TOUGH-LOOKING CITIZEN ENTERED THE BAR AND GRILL OF A DINGY "JOINT" NEAR THE WATER-FRONT—HE SEEMED TO BE THE WORSE FOR WEAR—

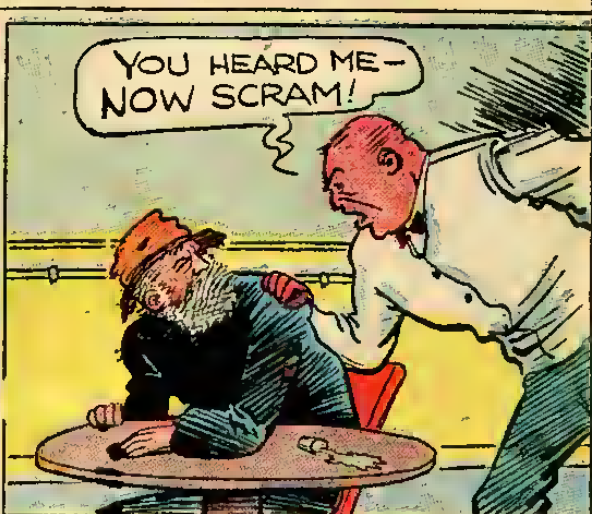


THREE OTHER ROWDY-APPEARING CHARACTERS WERE SEATED AT A TABLE WHISPERING—THE LONE STRANGER AT ANOTHER TABLE HAD DROWESED OFF TO SLEEP—



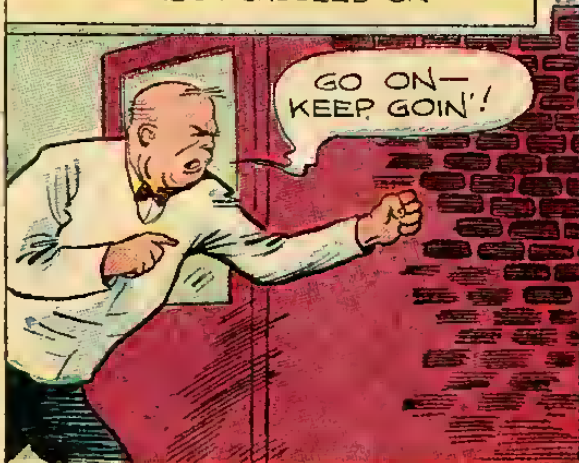
GOODNIGHT, BOYS!

THEN THE THREE MEN SILENTLY AROSE AND LEFT THE PLACE—THE STRANGER SNOOZED ON—



YOU HEARD ME—NOW SCRAM!

A FEW MINUTES AFTERWARDS, THE BIG BOUNCER SHOOK THE SLEEPY MAN'S SHOULDER, AND ORDERED HIM TO "BEAT IT"—



GO ON—KEEP GOIN'!

RISING UNSTEADILY TO HIS FEET THE STRANGER SLOWLY MADE HIS WAY TO THE DOOR AND OUT TO THE DARK STREET—



I'M A-GOIN' AINT I, BOSS?



THE NEXT DAY ALL OF THE NEWSPAPERS PRINTED THE STORY OF ANOTHER MURDER—

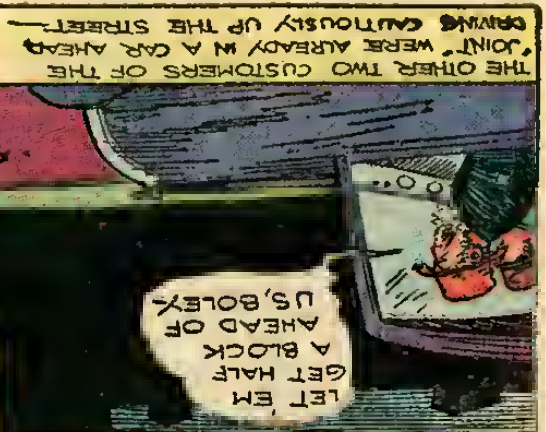
GOODNIGHT JOE!

SO LONG, BOYS!

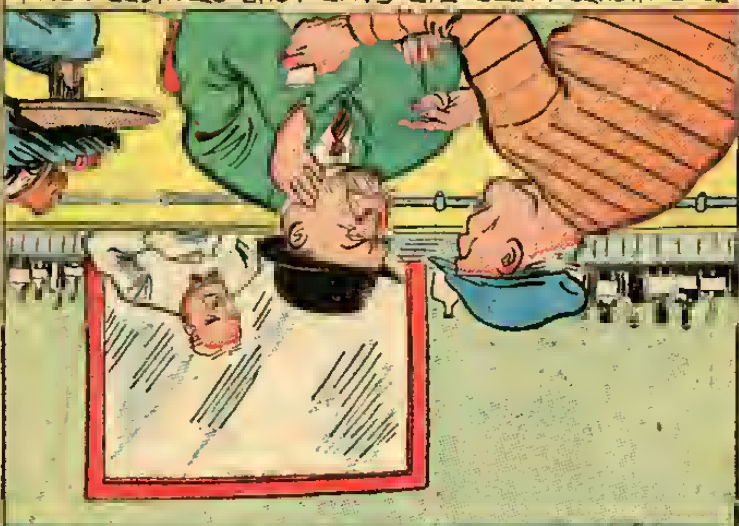


THEN THEY LEFT—IT WAS 3:00 A.M. IMMEDIATELY BEHIND THEM THE STRANGER FOLLOWED—

LET 'EM GET HALF A BLOCK AHEAD OF US, BOLEX.



THE OTHER TWO CUSTOMERS OF THE 'JOINT' WERE ALREADY IN A CAR, AHEAD DRIVING CAUTIOUSLY UP THE STREET—



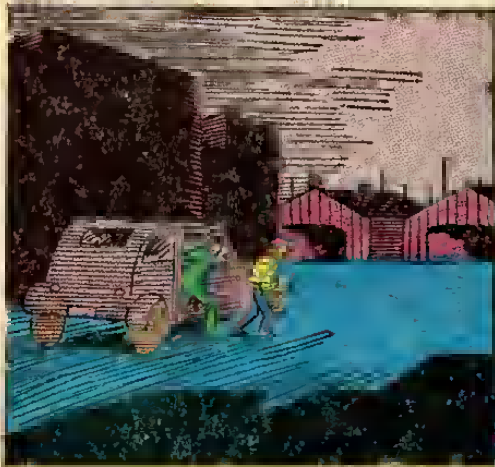
FOUR NIGHTS LATER THE SAME LONE STRANGER AGAIN SHUFFLED INTO THE 'JOINT'—THIS TIME TWO OF THE THREE MEN WHO HAD BEEN TOGETHER FOUR NIGHTS BEFORE WERE SEATED WHISPERING—



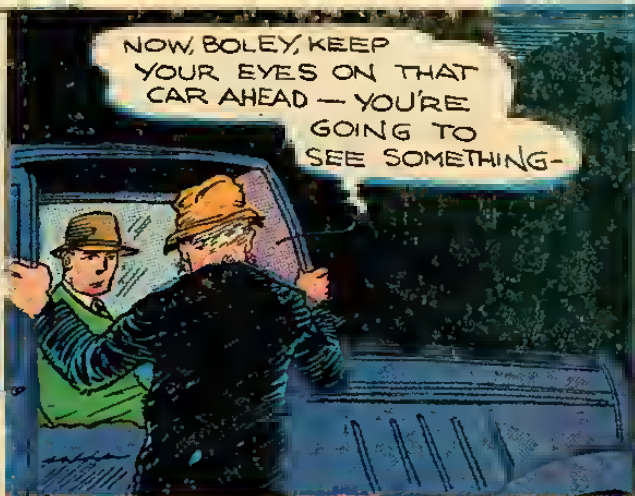
THIS TIME WHEN THE UNKNOWN CUSTOMER HIT THE STREET HE SPED TO A CAR, PARKED IN THE SHADOWS, WITH MOTOR QUIETLY RUNNING—LEAPING IN HE GAVE THESE ORDERS TO THE DRIVER—





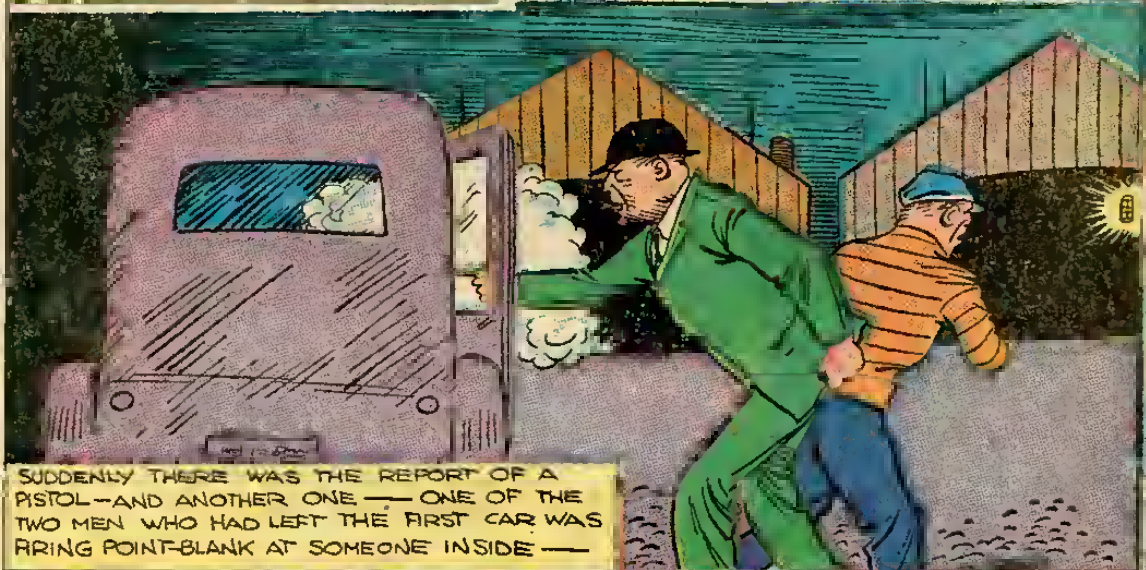


ARRIVING NEAR THE WATER-FRONT THE FIRST CAR SLOWED DOWN AND STOPPED—AND THE TWO MEN STEPPED STEALTHILY OUT—



NOW, BOLEY, KEEP YOUR EYES ON THAT CAR AHEAD—YOU'RE GOING TO SEE SOMETHING—

THE SECOND CAR STOPPED A BLOCK AWAY—FROM IT EMERGED THE LONE BUM—

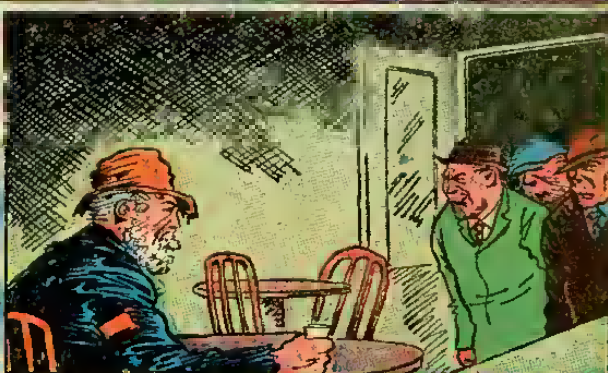


SUDDENLY THERE WAS THE REPORT OF A PISTOL—AND ANOTHER ONE—ONE OF THE TWO MEN WHO HAD LEFT THE FIRST CAR WAS BRING POINT-BLANK AT SOMEONE INSIDE—



PERIOD!

THEN THEY DRAGGED THE BODY FROM THE REAR SEAT AND CARRIED IT TO A DOCK WHERE IT WAS DUMPED OVERSIDE—



THE BUM IN THE SECOND CAR WAS DRIVEN BACK TO THE "JOINT" HE HAD LEFT 15 MINUTES BEFORE—HE SAT DOWN AND ORDERED A REFRESHMENT—SOON AFTER, THREE MEN CAME IN: THIS TIME THE SAME TWO MEN AND THE ONE WHO HAD BEEN WITH THEM FOUR NIGHTS AGO—



SAY, GENTS,  
I JUST GOT  
OUTA THE  
STIR—A TWENTY-  
YEAR STRETCH—  
I NEED WORK—

OH, YOU  
DONE  
TIME, EH?

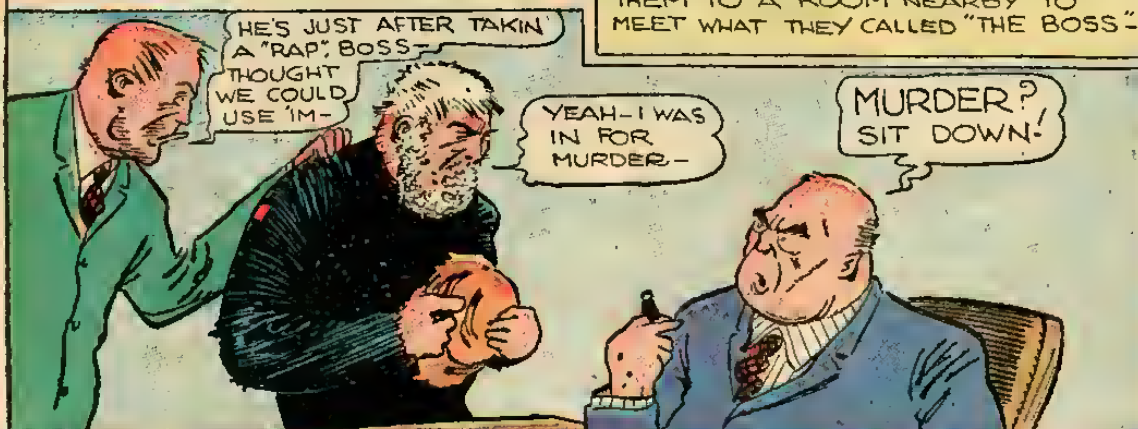
HAVE YOU  
GOT A  
CARD FROM  
THE "PEN"  
YOU WAS IN?

THIS TIME THE LONE STRANGER ROSE  
FROM HIS CHAIR AND HUSKILY SPOKE  
TO THE THREE MEN ———



OK, BO—  
I THINK WE'VE  
GOT A JOB FOR  
YOU IF YOU CAN  
KEEP YOUR FACE  
SHUT—LIKE TO HAVE  
YOU MEET THE  
BOSS—

THE TRIO LISTENED TO HIM AND ONE  
OF THEM INVITED HIM TO ACCOMPANY  
THEM TO A ROOM NEARBY TO  
MEET WHAT THEY CALLED "THE BOSS"—



HE'S JUST AFTER TAKIN'  
A "RAP", BOSS—  
THOUGHT  
WE COULD  
USE 'IM—

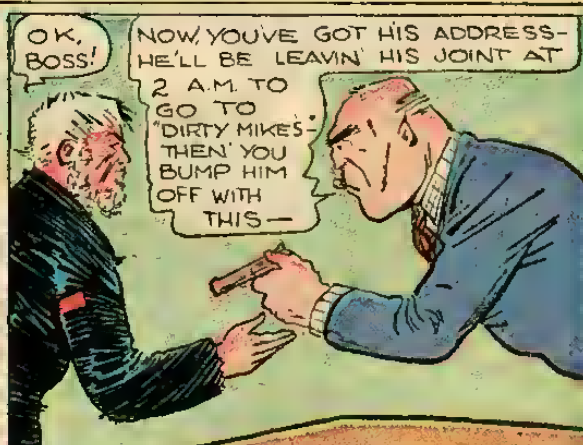
YEAH—I WAS  
IN FOR  
MURDER—

MURDER?  
SIT DOWN!

ASCENDING TWO FLIGHTS OF DARK STAIRS, THE BUM WAS LED INTO THE PRESENCE  
OF "LOOIE, THE SCAR"—"THE SCAR" WAS A VICIOUS—LOOKING, BEETLE—  
BROWED CREATURE WHO SNARLED RATHER THAN TALKED ———



I'M KNOCKIN' OFF  
"SAM, THE MOUSE"—  
HE'S BEEN INTERFERIN'  
IN MY RACKET—YOU'VE  
GOT THE JOB—



OK, BOSS!  
NOW, YOU'VE GOT HIS ADDRESS—  
HE'LL BE LEAVIN' HIS JOINT AT  
2 A.M. TO  
GO TO  
"DIRTY MIKE'S"—  
THEN YOU  
BUMP HIM  
OFF WITH  
THIS—

"THE SCAR" WOULD HELP THE STRANGER—  
IN FACT, HE WOULD GIVE HIM \$100  
AS A TRIGGER-MAN ON THE NEXT JOB—  
THE OTHER GUYS NEEDED A REST—

THE BUM WAS GIVEN A "GAT" AND  
PLANS WERE MADE FOR THE NEXT  
KILLING ——— EVERYTHING WAS ALL SET—



THIS IS DALGREN, CHIEF—  
PUT YOUR SECRETARY ON  
THE WIRE—I WANT TO  
DICTATE A STORY TO HER—  
THEN HOLD IT JUST LONG  
ENOUGH TO NOTIFY THE  
POLICE TO GRAB THE GANG-  
KILLERS—I'LL BE THERE AT  
3411 EAST ARCHER, ST.  
AT EXACTLY  
2 A.M.—HAVE  
THE COPS  
NEAR THAT  
SPOT!

RIGHT!

THAT MORNING JOHN FEELEY,  
MANAGING EDITOR, ANSWERED  
HIS PHONE — IT WAS BING  
DALGREN'S VOICE ON THE  
OTHER END —



AT 2 A.M. NEXT MORNING THE BUM WAS AWAITING  
THE APPEARANCE OF APPOINTED VICTIM — BUT  
HE WAS BEING CAREFULLY WATCHED BY OTHERS  
OF 'LOOIE, THE SCAR'S' COHORTS — IN CASE —

THE BOYS ARE  
GRABBING THE OTHER  
ONES —



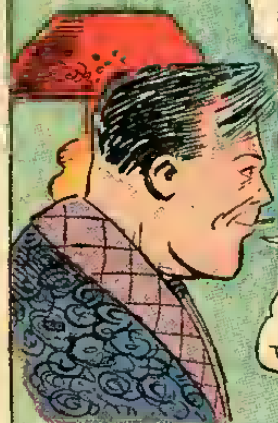
JUST AS THE GUNMAN WAS ABOUT TO PRESS THE  
TRIGGER, POLICE DETECTIVES LEAPED ON HIM —  
THE INTENDED VICTIM FLED — OTHER GANG MEMBERS  
WERE SEIZED A BLOCK AWAY —



SIX MEN, INCLUDING 'LOOIE,  
THE SCAR', WERE CON-  
VICTED OF OTHER MURDERS  
AND WENT TO THE CHAIR—  
BING DALGREN, 'THE  
BUM', HAD CAUGHT  
THEM ALL —

WHEN 'HARD EDDIE' MENTIONED  
'LOOIE, THE SCAR' BEING ABSENT  
I CHECKED ON THE BAR LICENSES—  
ONE OF THEM WAS HELD BY  
LOOIE'S BROTHER-IN-LAW— I FIGURED  
I MIGHT GET SOME INFORMATION THERE—  
I LET MY BEARD GROW FOR TWO  
WEEKS AND USED SOME MAKE-UP—  
THE FIRST NIGHT I WAS IN THE JOINT I  
DELIBERATELY DETERMINED NOT TO  
FOLLOW THE THREE MEN AND THUS  
CAUSE SUSPICION — I WANTED THE GUY  
TO THROW ME OUT— IT WORKED SO  
THAT THE NEXT TIME THEY NEVER  
GAVE ME A THOUGHT— I WAS JUST A  
BUM— YOU KNOW THE REST OF  
THE STORY— IT WAS A LUCKY BREAK—

— AND YOUR  
CHAUFFEUR, YOU  
SAID, BING, WAS BOLEY,  
ONE OF YOUR PAPER'S  
TRUCK DRIVERS —



LATER, THE FAMOUS REPORTER MODESTLY  
GAVE US THE INSIDE VERSION OF HIS  
"SCOOP"



ALL NAMES AND CHARACTERS USED  
IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS—  
ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL PERSONS,  
LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY  
COINCIDENTAL —

# INNER CIRCLE



## TOO MANY GUNS

THIS meeting of the Inner Circle had been delayed three days until Chick Carter returned from a hunting trip that he had taken with his foster father, Nick Carter, the famous detective. The members of the Inner Circle had been reading up on recent crime expecting to inform Chick on the subject, but they gave him the first say.

The result was that Chick took over the entire meeting. He began it by delivering a trophy for the Inner Circle to keep. The trophy was in the form of a nickel-plated badge that bore the words:

### DEPUTY SHERIFF

"Sorry you weren't along," said Chick, "or maybe a few of you could have been deputies like I was. But it took a little detective work to start it. Nick supplied the detective work; later the county sheriff supplied the badges."

Immediately agog, the members of the Inner Circle listened for the details of what they realized must have been an actual crime hunt.

"Up where we went," explained Chick, "anybody can buy firearms, because people only use them for hunting. At least that was the situation until Red Kleppen and the Blue Moon Mob moved into that territory. But they came there posing as hunters, like everybody else.

"There's an old store-keeper named Abner Tollington up near Woodland Lake and he's right smart. So smart that he keeps a large assortment of firearms to suit the fancy notions of hunters from the big city. Since he does all his business during hunting seasons, he telegraphs for guns and gets quick delivery any time he runs short of any special brand. That's

why the Blue Moon Mob went up there."

The very mention of this mob intrigued the Inner Circle members for among the clippings they had saved for Chick was one stating that the F. B. I. had rounded up the Blue Moon Mob, but where and how, the newspapers as yet had not revealed.

"Nick wanted to buy a high-powered rifle," continued Chick, "particularly a Mannlicher with a telescopic sight. A dozen had come in, but Tollington couldn't sell any because they were all on order. The same applied to some big-gauge shot-guns that Tollington had in his place. Satisfied hunters had been ordering them for friends. A lot of revolvers had been bought too, but hunters are apt to need them in case of a close-range encounter with a bear, so there wasn't anything suspicious up to that point."

"Did Tollington know these customers?" asked Beef as Chick paused. "Wouldn't he be suspicious of strangers?"

"Not at all," replied Chick. "Each year brings a crop of new hunters and generally there are only a few who drive into town to get supplies for the rest. Tollington had just one complaint: he was doing too much business."

Everybody laughed at that, but Chick nodded very seriously. He explained that old Abner had been doing business many years and considered himself an expert judge of supply and demand. New-fangled ideas didn't appeal to Abner Tollington and it had disconcerted him to find that he had underestimated the current crop of hunters.

"Of course Abner satisfied himself by de-



eiding they were greenhorns," narrated Chick. "They'd been ordering about ten times the amount of ammunition they would need, so he decided they must be pretty bad shots. You see, Abner was arguing himself away from the real situation. It took Nick to put him straight."

"But how?" queried Sue. "Or I might say, why did Nick think otherwise?"

"Remember that lecture he gave us on espionage?" questioned Chick. "The time he told us how spies gave themselves away by posing as merchants and using items of merchandise as code words?"

"Like caviar or foot-stools," put in Beef, "and sending out orders for enough to supply the whole city with things they wouldn't ordinarily buy."

"Exactly," acknowledged Chick. "This case reminded Nick of such a situation. So he checked and found that he was right."

"But what did he check?" asked Sue.

"The local hunting licenses," returned Chick. "They would be the first thing that a lot of wealthy hunters from the city would buy. We discovered that there hadn't been any extra call for hunting licenses. In fact, the demand was a trifle below average. That meant that certain hunters were buying far more guns than they needed and an even greater excess of ammunition."

Knowing that those certain hunters must have been the Blue Moon Mob, the Inner Circle could scarcely wait for Chick's conclusion. Noting the intensity, Chick made his narrative pointed.

"Nick informed the sheriff," Chick related, "and he swore us in as deputies along with Tollington. Nick being a detective made him a logical choice and I posed as a delivery boy

to brush off any suspicion. When the customers came in to get their shot-guns and rifles, old Abner was trying to sell a revolver to Nick, so they were comparing a couple. I was holding a shot-gun asking Abner where I was to deliver it. Nick gave the word and we covered the crooks, telling them our guns were loaded."

Sue caught her breath with a gasp.

"Didn't the crooks pull guns of their own?"

"They weren't carrying any," said Chick with a smile. "Nick had figured that angle too. Hunters wouldn't be carrying guns into town when coming to buy more. These mobbies wanted to be clean if the sheriff got suspicious and picked them up."

"But you only caught a few of them," broke in Beef. "How in the world did you manage to trap the mob?"

"Nick figured that perfectly." Chick swelled with pride as he recalled the scene. "There were three crooks, so Nick gave each a loaded shot-gun and told them to approach the lodge where their pals were lounging around. They covered the other crooks, made them shed their guns, and marched them back to us."

"But why didn't they turn on you?" blurted Sue. "If their guns were loaded—"

"So were ours," interposed Chick. "Nick, Abner and the sheriff each had a Mannlicher covering the crooks with the shot-guns. Those rifles far outrange a shot-gun and they are amazingly accurate with their telescopic sights."

That concluded Chick's story of the trapping of the Blue Moon Mob, a Nick Carter exploit in which Chick also figured and which is now on record in the files of the Inner Circle, in the shape of a deputy sheriff's badge.

**Watch for our new program**  
**TOP SECRETS**  
**over MUTUAL NETWORK**  
**Tells the inner workings of the F.B.I.**

# The Shadow

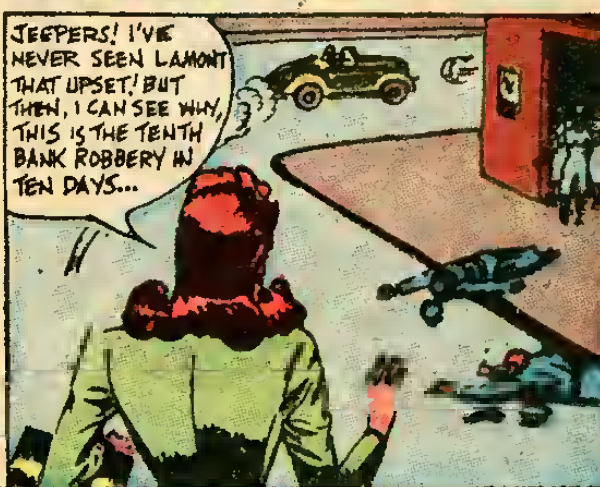
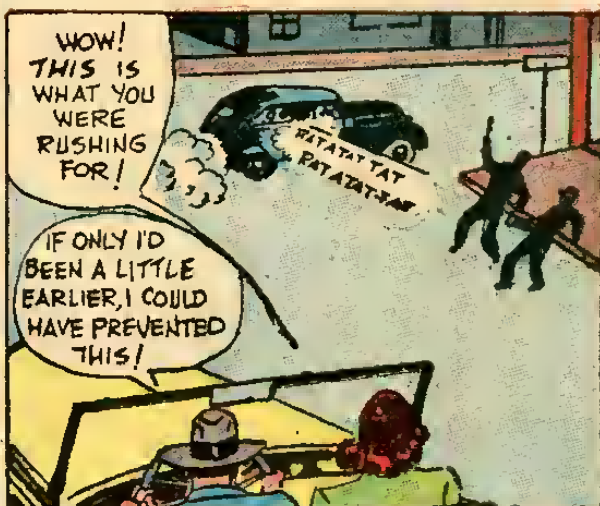
Time  
For  
Crime

BLAZING GUNS, CROOKS  
RUNNING AMOK, CLEVERLY  
CONCEIVED CRIMES, MASS  
MAYHEM, ALL HERALDED THE  
ENTRY OF A NEW DARK  
HORSE IN THE CRIME SWEEP-  
STAKES! • MOST BAFFLING  
OF ALL HE SOMEHOW  
MANAGED TO MAKE TIME HIS  
SERVANT... ALIBI IKE, WOULD  
HAVE BEEN A GOOD NAME FOR  
HIM HAD NOT HIS OWN BEEN  
MORE PERFECT...

TUNE IN

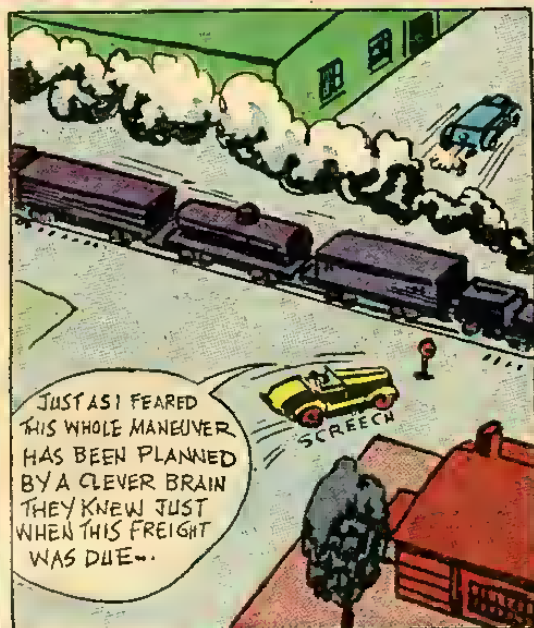
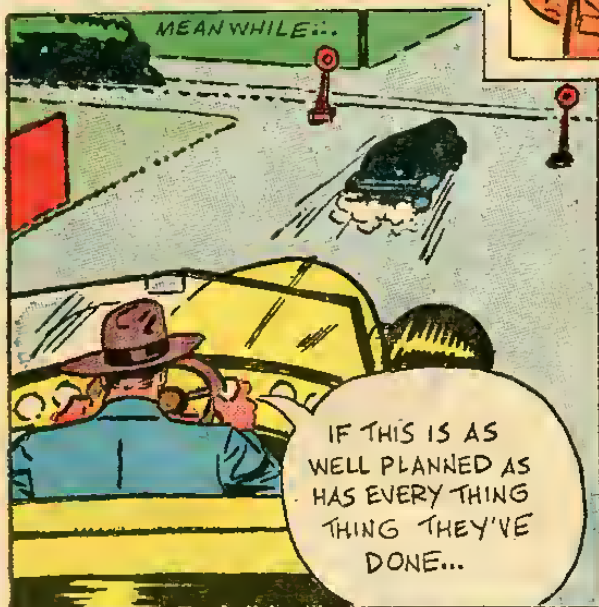
EACH WEEK TO THE  
OF THE  
SHADOW



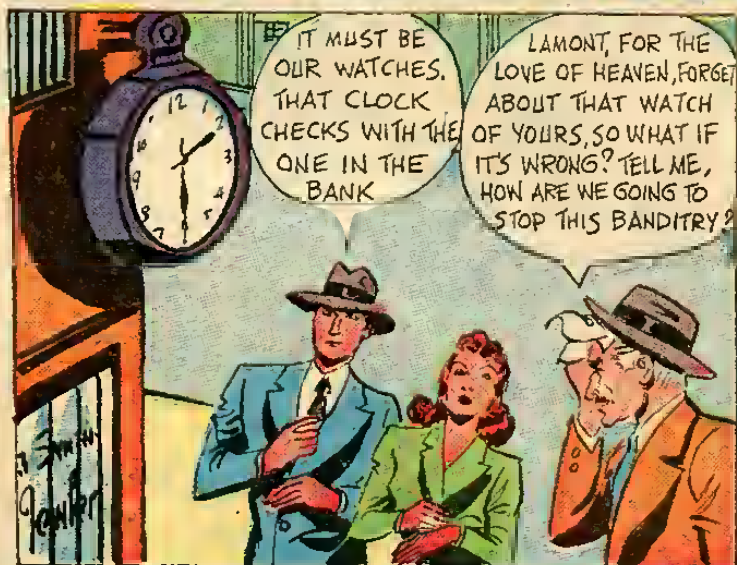
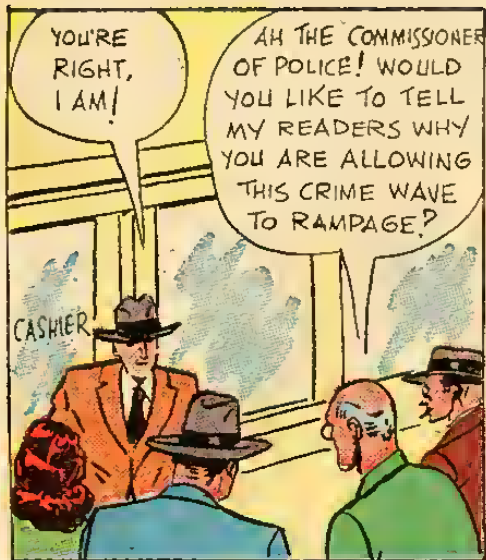


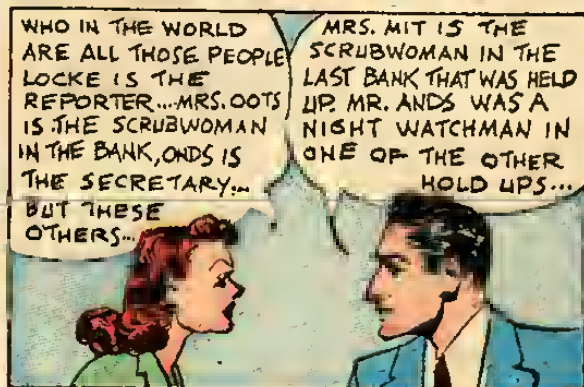
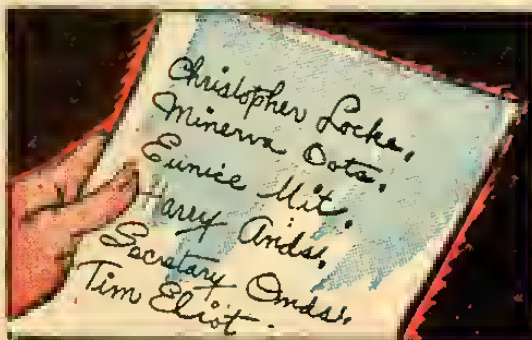
**THRILLING ADVENTURES**

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS  
FOR TIME AND STATION...

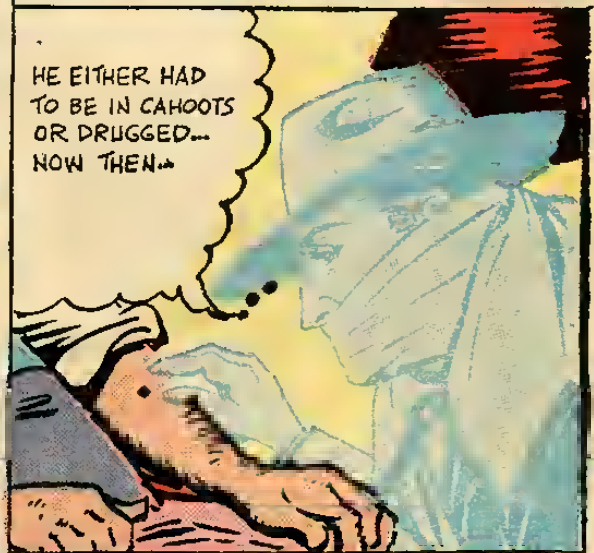




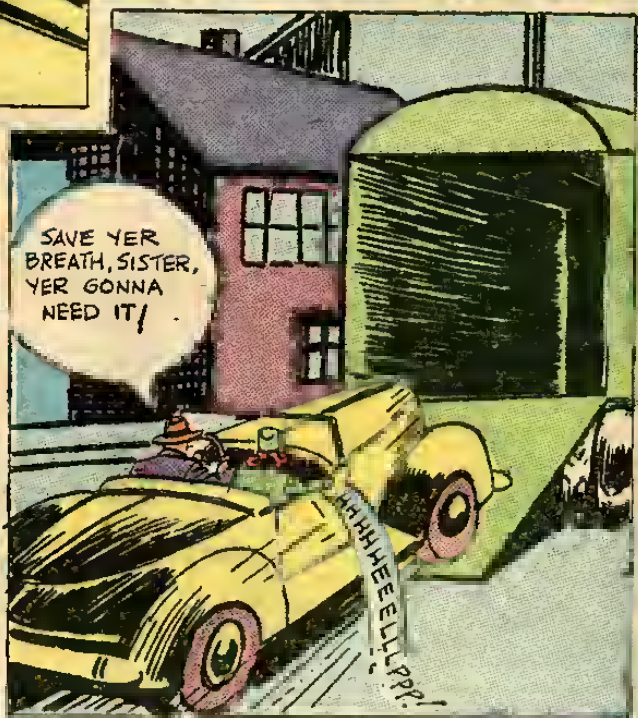
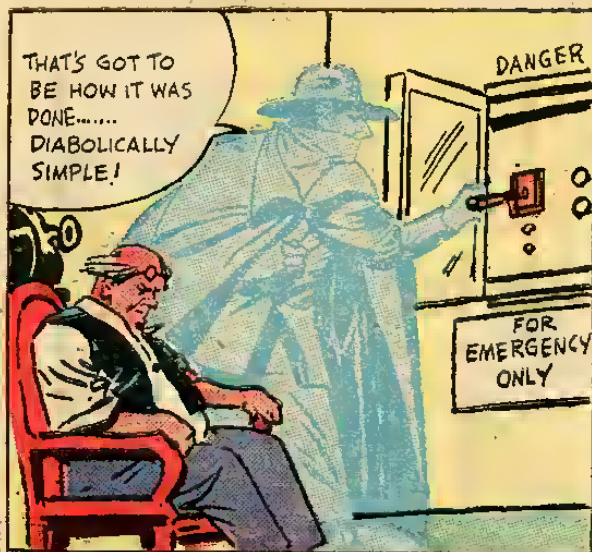




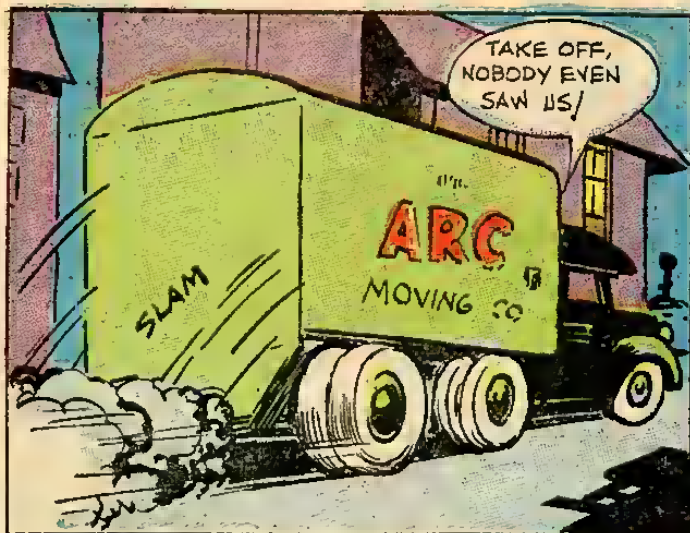












TAKE OFF,  
NOBODY EVEN  
SAW US!

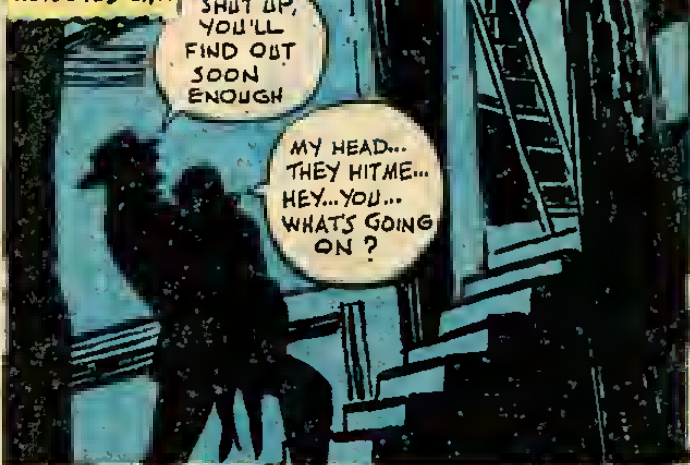
SO IT IS THAT WHEN...

NO ANSWER... NOW  
WHAT HAS MARGO GOTTEN  
HERSELF MIXED UP  
IN?

MELTING INTO THE BLACKNESS THE  
MAN OF DARKNESS DISAPPEARS.



MARGO OPENS  
HER EYES ON...



SHUT UP,  
YOU'LL  
FIND OUT  
SOON  
ENOUGH

MY HEAD...  
THEY HIT ME...  
HEY... YOU...  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON?



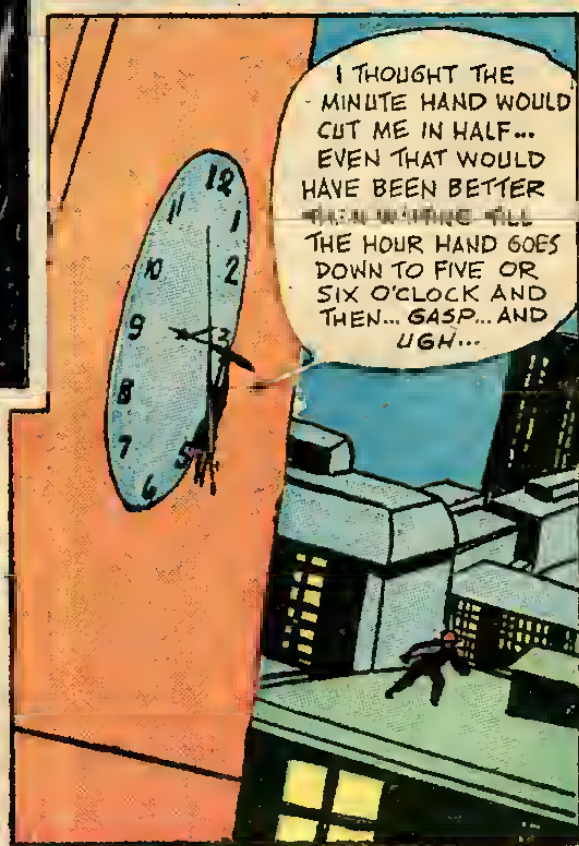
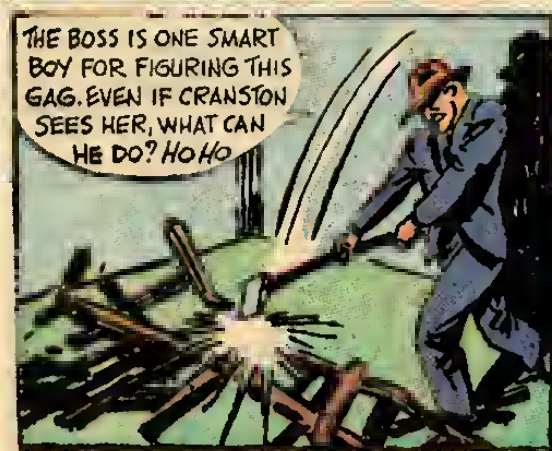
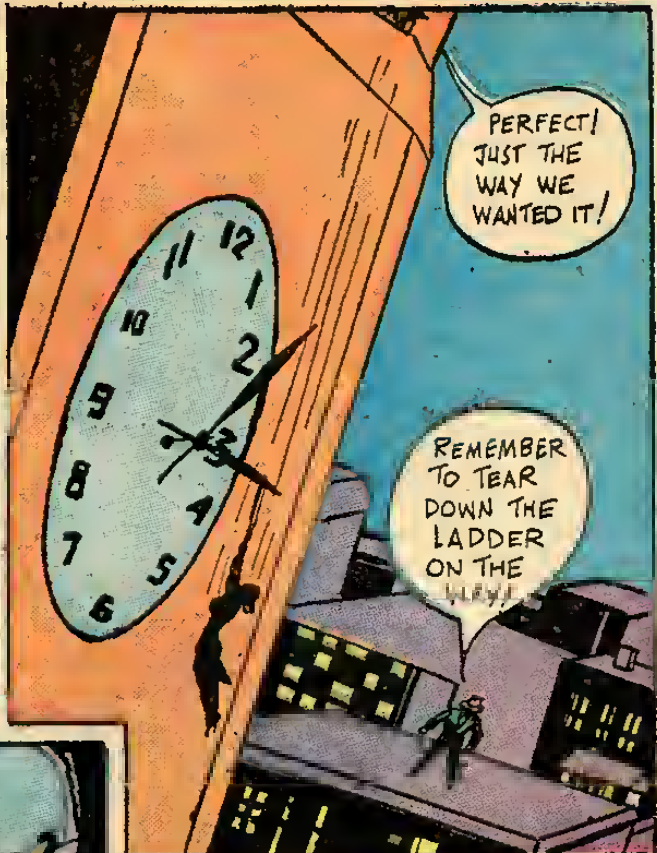
I DON'T  
UNDER-  
STAND WHY  
ARE YOU  
DOING  
THIS?

WE JUST THINK WE SHOULD  
GIVE CRANSTON SOMETHING  
TO WORRY ABOUT WHILE  
WE'RE TAKING IT ON THE  
LAM, GET IT?

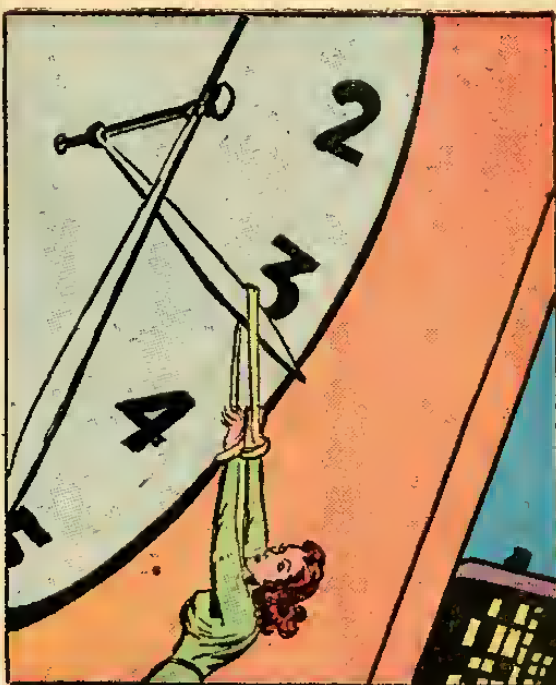
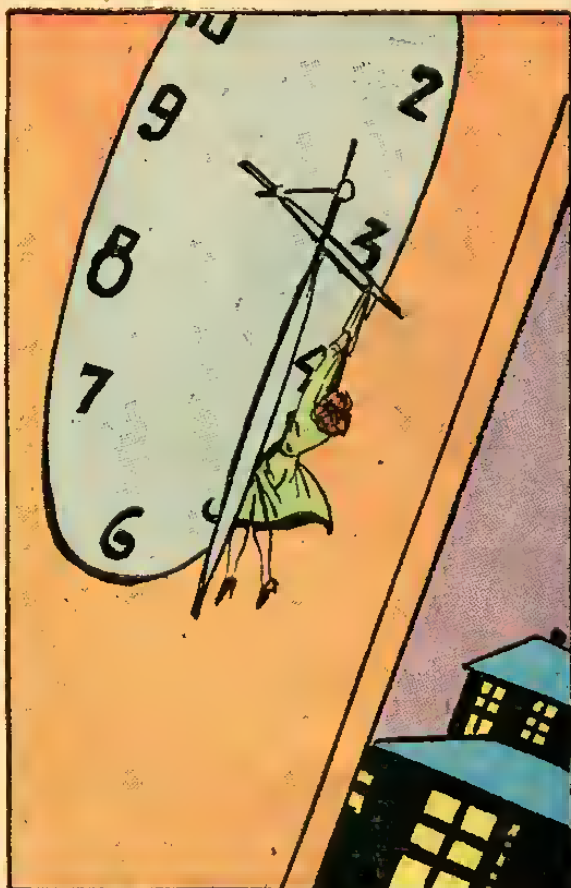


DON'T  
DROP  
ME...  
DON'T...

NAH... THAT  
WOULDN'T TIE UP  
CRANSTON... IT  
WOULD ONLY MAKE  
HIM MAD!



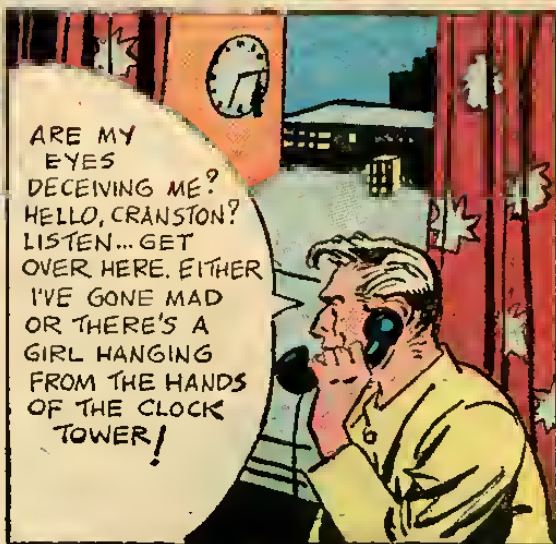




WITH THE BEST OF LUCK I CAN'T LAST MORE THAN AN HOUR OR TWO. FOUR THIRTY SHOULD BE THE END OF MARGO...

ACROSS TOWN...

NOW THAT I HAVE THE MODUS OPERANDI, I DON'T HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE LEADER... MARGO'S GONE, I HAVE NO LEAD... I'D BETTER TIP OFF WESTON ABOUT THE TIME DEVICE...



ARE MY EYES DECEIVING ME? HELLO, CRANSTON? LISTEN... GET OVER HERE. EITHER I'VE GONE MAD OR THERE'S A GIRL HANGING FROM THE HANDS OF THE CLOCK TOWER!



WHAT IN THE WORLD.. WHO'D CALL ME NOW? WHAT TIME IS IT ANYWAY?

TINGLING LING



RACING  
AGAINST  
TIME....

WHAT A  
LUCKY BREAK...  
IF I HADN'T CALLED  
WESTON... IF HE  
WASN'T USED TO  
LOOKING AT THE  
CLOCK TOWER  
FOR THE  
TIME...



HEAVENS!  
MARGO!

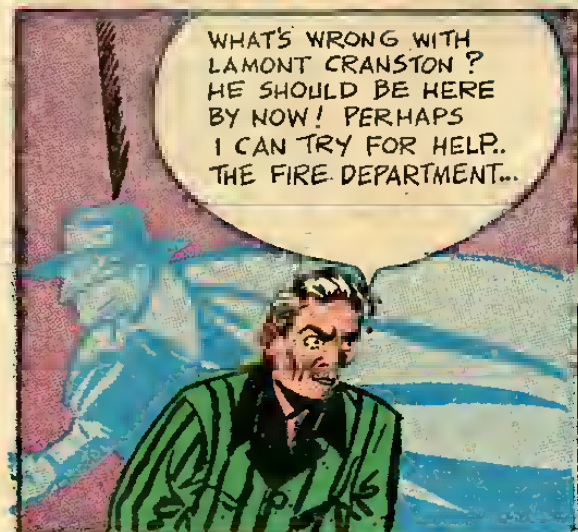


THEY TOOK NO CHANCE  
THAT ANYONE COULD HELP  
HER, THE FIENDS! FIRE  
ENGINE? HOOK AND LADDER?  
NO... MIGHT NOT GET HERE  
IN TIME!



I'VE GOT IT...  
I'LL TURN THEIR  
OWN GIMMICK  
AGAINST THEM!

SNAP!

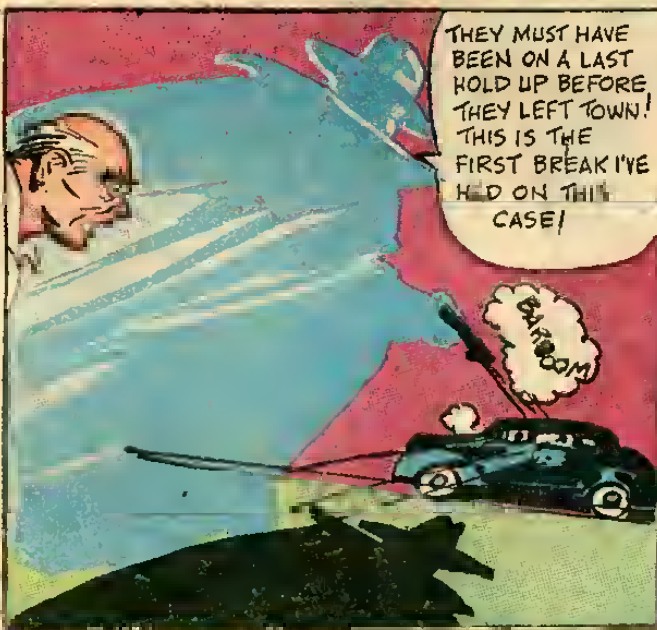
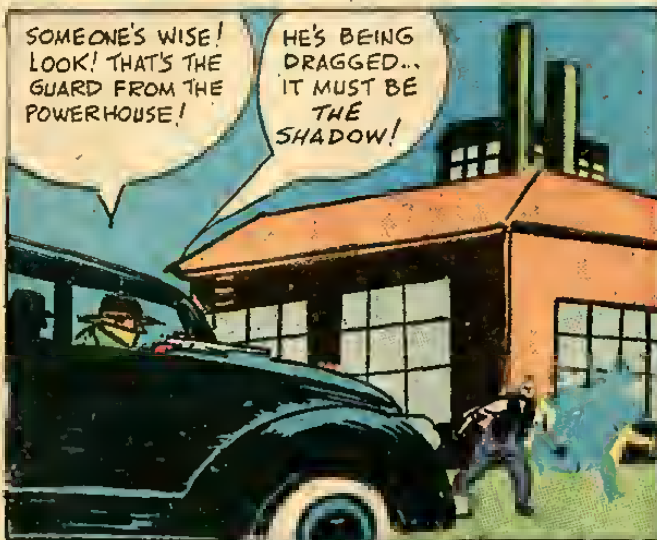
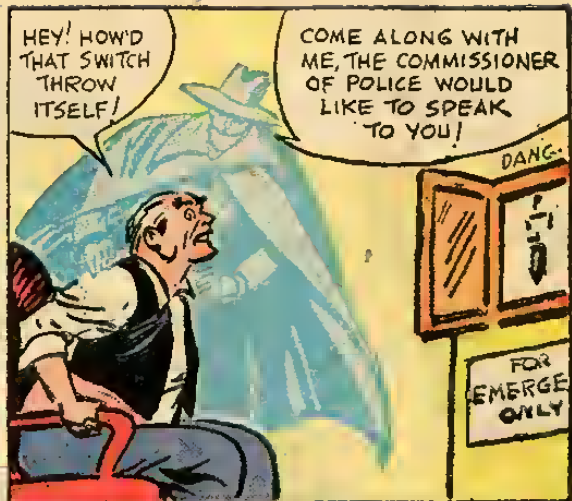
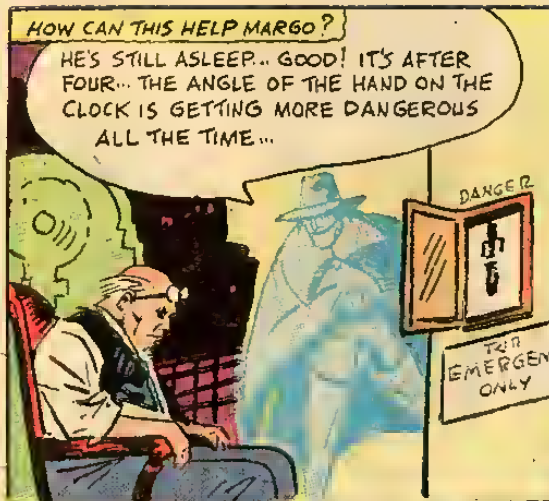


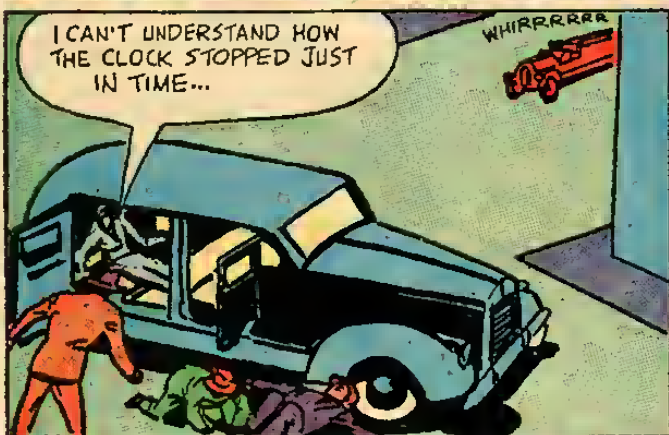
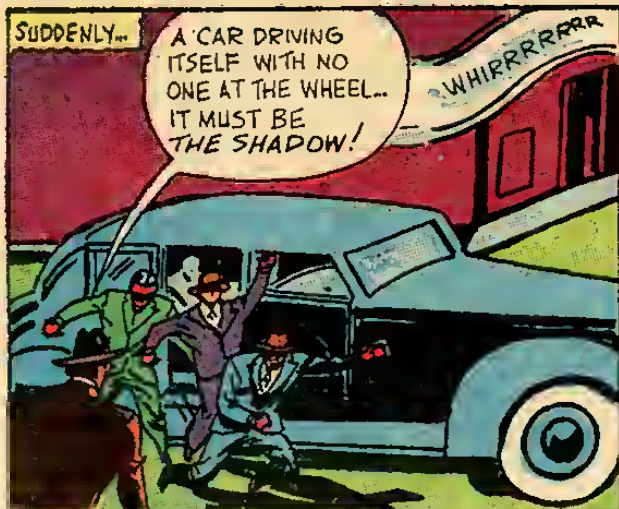
WHAT'S WRONG WITH  
LAMONT CRANSTON?  
HE SHOULD BE HERE  
BY NOW! PERHAPS  
I CAN TRY FOR HELP.  
THE FIRE DEPARTMENT...



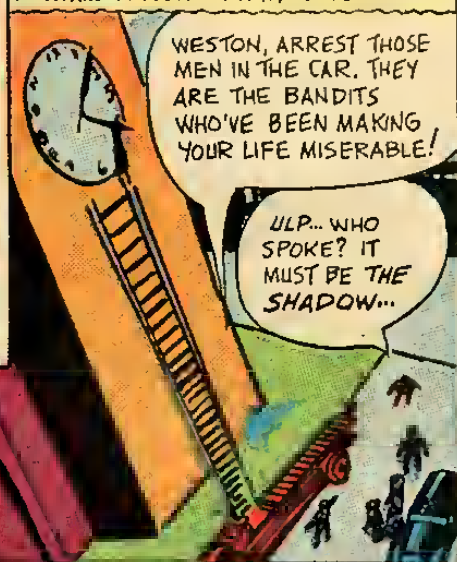
THAT  
POOR CHILD  
UP THERE, FACING  
DEATH AT ANY  
SECOND. WHERE  
IS CRANSTON?  
WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH HIM?







HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY TO THE RESCUE...







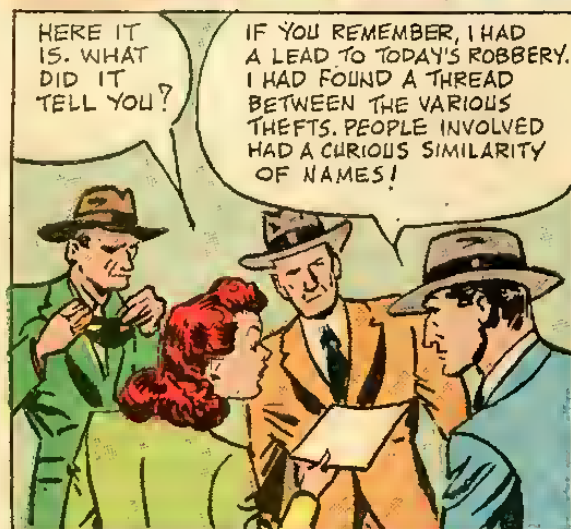
SHADOW...HEY.  
SHADOW! WHERE  
IS THAT MAN?

HE WAS  
HERE JUST  
A SECOND  
AGO...WHERE'S  
LAMONT?



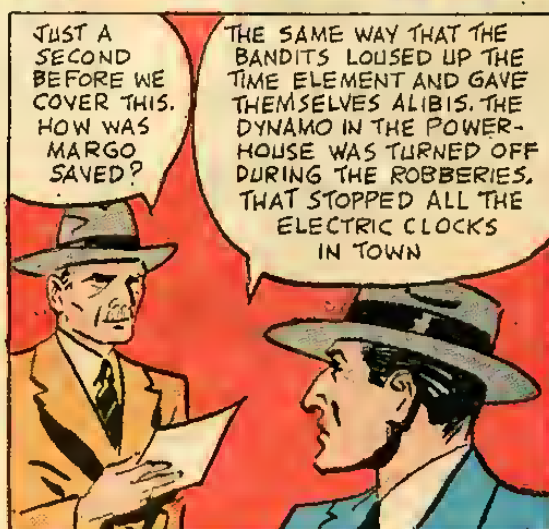
CRAWSTON! WHERE'VE  
YOU BEEN! WE  
HAVE THE BANDITS  
THANKS TO THE  
SHADOW! I'LL BET  
YOU DON'T KNOW  
WHO THE LEADER  
IS!

I KNEW THAT ALL ALONG.  
IT'S THE REPORTER,  
CHRIS LOCKE! TAKE  
THAT MASK OFF LOCKE!  
MARGO, DO YOU HAVE  
THAT LIST OF SUSPECTS?



HERE IT  
IS. WHAT  
DID IT  
TELL YOU?

IF YOU REMEMBER, I HAD  
A LEAD TO TODAY'S ROBBERY.  
I HAD FOUND A THREAD  
BETWEEN THE VARIOUS  
THEFTS. PEOPLE INVOLVED  
HAD A CURIOUS SIMILARITY  
OF NAMES!



JUST A  
SECOND  
BEFORE WE  
COVER THIS.  
HOW WAS  
MARGO  
SAVED?

THE SAME WAY THAT THE  
BANDITS LOUSED UP THE  
TIME ELEMENT AND GAVE  
THEMSELVES ALIBIS. THE  
DYNAMO IN THE POWER-  
HOUSE WAS TURNED OFF  
DURING THE ROBBERIES.  
THAT STOPPED ALL THE  
ELECTRIC CLOCKS  
IN TOWN



SO THAT'S WHY  
THE BANDITS  
HAD PEOPLE PUT  
THEIR HANDS BEHIND  
THEIR BACKS. SO  
THEY COULDN'T LOOK  
AT THEIR WRISTWATCHES!

RIGHT. AS SOON AS  
THE ROBBERY WAS  
OVER THEY'D TURN  
THE CURRENT BACK  
ON AND THE CLOCKS  
STARTED AGAIN. THAT  
WAY NO ONE KNEW  
EXACTLY WHEN ANY  
ROBBERY TOOK PLACE



I FINALLY GET IT.  
LOCKE WAS SUCH  
A SHOW OFF THAT HE  
LEFT A CLUE AT EACH  
CRIME. THE NAMES...  
SEC. ONDS... H. ANDS...  
MINNY OOTS, THAT'D  
BE MINUTES...  
TIM ELIOT...

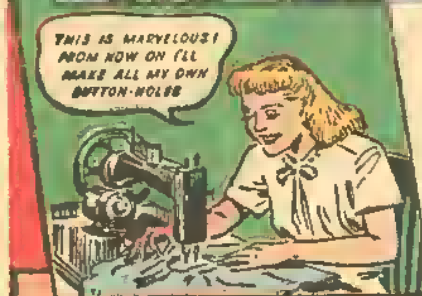
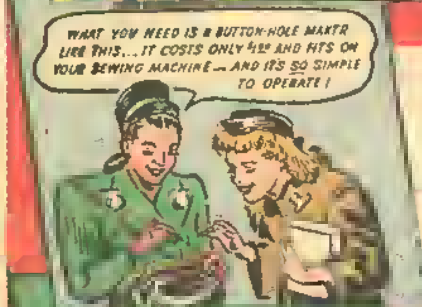
SURE. BUT  
THE MASTER  
OF ALL THOSE,  
IS C. LOCKE!  
THE CLOCK!

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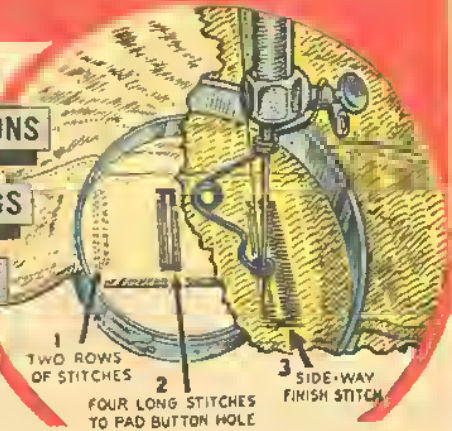


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THROTTLE, you say . . . . .  
WRONG, it's the ELEVATORS.

WHAT TURNS THE AIRPLANE?

RUDDER, you say . . . . .  
WRONG, it's the WING.

WHAT IS THE UP AND DOWN  
CONTROL OF AN AIRPLANE?

ELEVATORS, you say . . . . .  
WRONG, it's the THROTTLE.

HOW MUCH HORSEPOWER DO YOU USE  
WHEN YOU MOW THE LAWN?

DOES A CARBURETOR  
WORK LIKE YOUR SISTER'S ATOMIZER?

WHY WON'T IT RAIN UNLESS  
THERE'S ICE IN THE CLOUDS?  
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THE PRINCIPAL OF ECHO?

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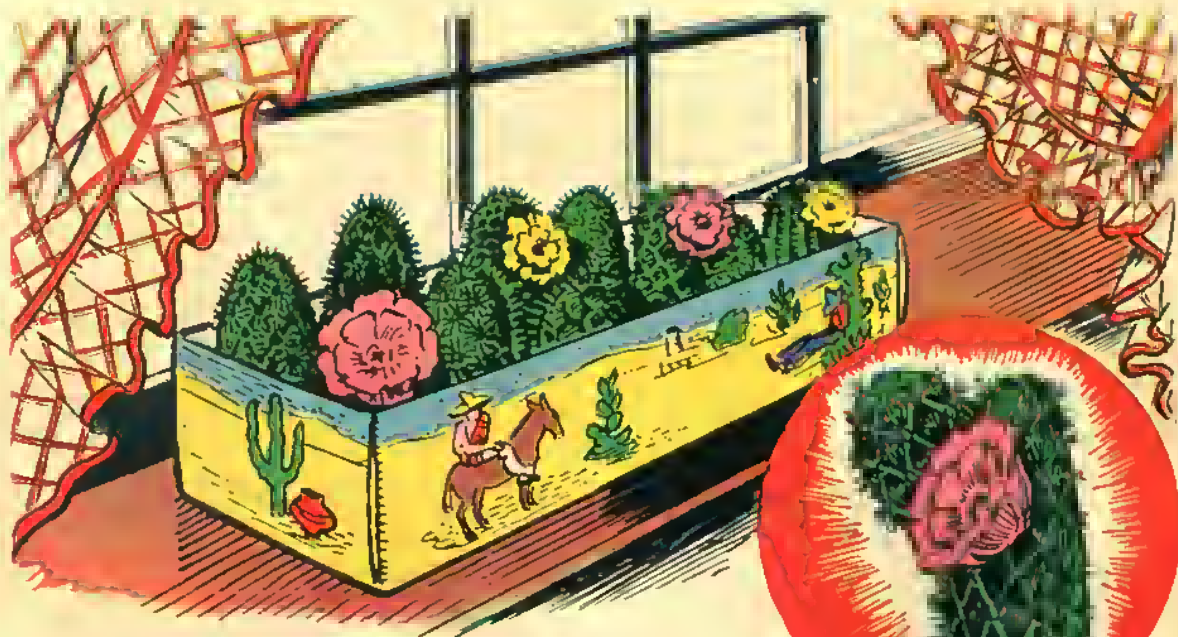
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